THE

COINERS OF POMPEII:

A ROMANCE.

BY RICHARD RYLAND.

Since now the hour is come at last,
When you must quit your anxious lover;
Since now our dream of bliss is past,
One pang, my girl, and all is over.

TORONTO:

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY
H. AND W. ROWSELL.

1845.

ROWELLS AND THOMPSON, PRINTERS.

TO THE READER.

A "Novel or a Romance," we will all at once admit, is written not so much for instruction, or for the giving of a moral lesson to the reader, as for the amusement of his or her mind in their leisure moments, and when they have nothing else to engage their attention: hence we conclude, that as every one, when in search of amusement, generally seeks for that which affords him the greatest pleasure—the best of the two, whether a novel or a romance, is the one that would be required. The novel merely tells of events which have happened or do happen around us every day: but the romance tells of matters and things far more exciting; it speaks of the marvellous—of

blood and murder—of things which do not happen before us *every day*, and consequently of those things which being strange and new to us, would be likely to give us the most pleasure in those leisure moments, of which we have just now spoken. But, you will say, a romance may be written in a much worse style than a novel: well, perhaps it may; and so we have to ask pardon for thus presuming to pass our comments on a work which we are concerned in. But, setting this matter aside, let us speak of the faults of this work, as perhaps more becoming us, and then of the apology for each and all of those faults, which some at least of our readers may require. To give, as in all other prefaces, an explanation of our story, or at least of what it consists, would be to tell the most interesting and essential part of it—the very part in fact that we would prefer leaving for the perusal of our readers. But with regard to many things that may seem to be faults, or passages that may appear to be too abrupt, misplaced, or ill-constructed, let it be remembered, that you are to condemn

"Alois Farnese" for these errors, and not we, who are merely the compilers of the work. He alone is surely accountable for errors in his own manuscript; certainly then not we, who only copy them. And now, reader, one word more: we have certainly struggled hard to bring before your notice a book worthy of your good opinion; but if your mind is at any time inclined rather to read your Bible, read it by all means; then if at another time you may not happen to be so well inclined, take up these pages, and favour us by the perusal of them; at the same time passing over the faults, and if possible allowing a due merit to any good or pleasure that you may find in them: this we ask, not for ourselves, but out of kindness towards our old friend, "ALOIS FARNESE."

CHAPTER I.

The secret coiner is a thief,
And yet he basely seeks reprieve,
When on the gallows he's to hang,
Or when the bell of death has rung,
To summon him away. ———

It was late in the evening. The scene was in Italy, above the site of Pompeii, an ancient city of Campania, which, together with Herculaneum, was buried in ashes from Mount Vesuvius, A. D. 79, and first discovered in 1748. It lies about twelve miles south-east from Naples; and is said to have been founded by the Opici; and at a later period to have been in the possession of the Samnites, who, having revolted, were replaced by Roman colonists. Campania, or Terra di Lavoro, is at the present time the most beautiful and fruitful part of Italy.

The landscape is wild, frowning, and grand; yet at the same time it has an appearance so delightful, a wildness—a ruggedness so tempered by the hand of nature and of art, that it cannot fail to charm and fascinate the beholder's eye. The grandeur of the far-off blue hills, the frowning and rocky heights above, and then — beneath them all — the dark green poplars, vines, and fields of beautiful Campania. Here, on this lovely spot, on or above the site of the once splendid Pompeii, there walked along, one summer's eve, a way-worn, leg-weary traveller. He seemed to be much exhausted from his journey, for his steps were tottering and uncertain, and yet retaining enough of that springing elastic motion, which plainly showed that his years were but few. His garb was plain and coarse; and yet, though it certainly did seem to have been flung on with a pitchfork, it was so arranged, that you could quickly discern between its folds a form of the most exact symmetry and proportion. He wore a slouching wide-leafed straw hat, which totally obscured his counte-

nance; and his dress was a dark green woollen frock, which reached down to his knees, and which was squeezed in around his waist by a narrow belt of gold: it was open at the collar, and disclosed to view a skin of almost feminine softness. Around his neck he wore a rose-coloured silk kerchief, with a single tie, and on his legs woollen trousers of a deep black hue. This then, with a form, which, though slight, was, as we have just said, of exquisite proportions, completed the whole outer man. At times, he would stop in his onward course, and pause awhile;—then his eyes would close, as if he longed to be at rest; and his knees would totter still more, as if they refused to support his much exhausted frame. At length, when he had stopped in this way for about the hundredth time, he seated himself on a decaying poplar log, which lay at the side of the path on which he had been travelling; and drawing forth some bread, grapes, and a bottle of wine from a budget which he had carried on the end of a stick over his shoulder, he prepared himself to eat; but while he was thus

engaged, he thought that he felt the earth give way beneath him—he started to his feet at the bare idea, and looked—"But no!" cried he instantly, "it surely could not be—it must have been the rottenness of the log, which made me fancy such a thing." With that, he sat down again and began to eat; but in a little time after, the earth, for several feet around him, shook fearfully, and finally fell in with a crash. He lay senseless for some time, as the fall had stunned him; but when he came to himself, how great was his astonishment, when he perceived that he had been lying, or rather had fallen, by the side of a marble font, in the very centre of the public market-place of Pompeii.

Pompeii! and is this Pompeii? he asked himself, as he started to his feet, and looked around on the splendid, but solitary and deserted buildings, which presented themselves on every side. He then looked about for his hat, but it was gone. "No matter;" cried he, in a lively tone of voice, "I 'll try and hunt up some one who can give me information respecting this strange place:"

so saying, he walked away; but yet, how different was his appearance from what it had been a few moments before, when pursuing his weary way along the *modern* surface of the earth. He had lost his hat; but how much was he improved by the loss of it! for now, he revealed a countenance of the most tender and delicate beauty. His hair was raven black; forehead high and open; eyebrows arched, nose straight, and mouth compressed, yet very slightly so, as if to point out the determined character of the slightly-built, but still strongly-minded man. He wore whiskers, which met beneath his chin: and now as the air around Pompeii felt cold and chill, he drew his garments closer around him, and thus gave to himself an appearance of greater smartness and activity than he had appeared to have before. On, on, he wended his way through the gloomy and silent streets, but not a soul could he see to give him the desired information, or to cheer his lonely way. Meanwhile the awful gloom and loneliness of every thing around him, made his spirits gradually more and more depressed:

even the sound of his own footsteps, which echoed with a hollow noise along the pavement, startled and affrighted him. Now the dingy, dirty looking rows of houses, which formed the street through which he was passing, caused his mind to be so dreadfully unsettled, that he frequently started at his own shadow, and every joint in his body trembled with fear. And now a bat whirls around the decayed and mouldering buildings, and causes his very heart to leap within him at the appalling and ghostly sound. In this way hours rolled by, and still he continues his solitary way, up one street and down another, with the same unwearied exertion, yet never seeming to arrive at the end of his journey, or to stop for a single moment. The perspiration flowed down in large, heavy drops from his forehead, and his hands were clenched as if with determination to stick to his purpose, and also from desperation at the apparent sight of dangers which surrounded him on every side. The state of his mind was fearful, and roused to agony akin to madness: not that calm, quiet madness which

is lulled almost at will (that even would be a comparative relief to his present sufferings), —no, but that passionate, never-dying, frightful malady which brings foam to the mouth, and the very blood from the pores of the skin,—that was his suffering, that was his agony, yet he never flinched from his purpose, nor for an instant looked behind him. His eyes, on the contrary, were rivetted on the gloom beyond him, whilst his ears were strained as if to catch the passing sounds. Now he turns down a narrow and still more gloomy street than any heretofore: the pavement is broken and torn up in many places, over which he often stumbles, and recovers himself again with difficulty. The tall, high houses, too, on either side of him seem as if they would every instant tumble into the street and crush him beneath the ruins. At this moment a shrill piercing shriek broke upon the air, and disturbed the awful silence around him, as it rang out and echoed with a death-like mournful sound in the crumbling and darksome buildings. He instantly stopped short, and bent his head to listen, as

he exclaimed hurriedly, "I thought I heard a voice. Ah! yes!" cried he a moment afterwards, when the shriek was again repeated, "I knew I did." So saying he walked over to the house from whence the sound had issued. The door stood wide open, as did those of all the other buildings around. Receiving no opposition he walked in. He took a hasty survey of each of the apartments, on his right and on his left hand. Every thing therein, the tables, chairs, vases, chandeliers, and carpets, seemed, with the exception of plenty of dust, to be as perfect as they ever were. Perceiving at one glance that there were no persons in either of these apartments, he walked on, and ascending a narrow flight of stairs at the end of the hall, he soon arrived at a door, a strongly framed door, from the outside of which, and from the place where he stood, he instantly heard a low, soft, musical, but plaintive female voice, speaking in tones of entreaty and distress: while now and then she was interrupted by harsh, grating, dogged tones, as of a surly old man who refused to grant her request.

"Coward," cried the girl in sterner and louder tones, "you banter and bully me thus, because you know that there are none now at hand who could assist me—but were—ay, were my younger brother before you now, you would quail before us both, though brave and strong you call yourself." "What!" said the harsh voice, "before that prating boy? —by heavens! he had better not cross my path—or if he does, I'll plant him face to face with death." "Your heart is black and foul enough to do the deed, I know," replied the girl,—"but your cowardly spirit is not equal to the task. Ay! I see that your eyes flash at my taunting words—do your worst, is all I say in reply, since death itself is less dreadful than your horrible embrace." The old man then with one stride approached her, while she screamed with horror again. Alois Farnese, the young stranger outside the door, could endure no more, nor could he bear to hear tones of agony and distress without at once flying to relieve them. So, with this intent, he instantly burst open the door, and confronted the occupants of the

room. The one was a hideous, middle aged man; short, thick and clumsily built, with gristly red hair, a pug nose, and grey squinting eyes. The other was a beautiful girl of scarce eighteen years of age, with a form and countenance of the most exquisite loveliness and beauty. Indeed her whole person was so perfect, that were we to attempt to describe her other charms, we should attempt an impossibility. Were we to speak of her dark auburn tresses, her dark brown eyes and long silken lashes, that roseate tinge upon her cheeks too, which far surpassed the bloom on the peach; or the exquisite proportions of her figure, which can better be imagined than described, it would be of no use, as not even then could we do her justice. The apartment in which they were, was a very low-ceiling'd room with only one small window near one corner, and that even was strongly grated from top to bottom. There was no furniture, save two chairs, a table, and on it a bundle of dirty papers, with an ebony inkstand and some broken quills. Signora Conosa, daughter of Prince Canosa of

Naples, was kneeling on the middle of the floor, whilst the fierce looking man, Peter Guesclin, a native of Spain, was again applying a thumb-screw to her delicate hands, still not apparently with the intention of giving her actual pain, but to frighten her into an acquiescence with his desires. It appeared that this man, Peter Guesclin, was the valet-de-chambre of the prince, but by deep-laid schemes and great cunning, had contrived to get his master in some way connected with a band of secret coiners, who at this time lived a few streets off from this house. As soon as the coiners had brought over the father, the father almost immediately induced his two sons and his daughter, the lovely Emily, to join them also. Now Peter was well aware from the first, that if he could succeed in leading off the father, he might be sure of the daughter, as,—so great was their affection for each other,—neither father nor children could exist when separated from each other. But his chief designs against either the one or the other, were occasioned by an evil and base passion which he had long entertained

towards the daughter, but which until now he durst not reveal. As at last, however, she was put almost entirely in his power, he daily pursued and annoyed her; and went so far on this occasion, as to conduct her off from her friends, and in this room even endeavoured to use violence towards her. "Oh! save me, save me, for the love of heaven!" cried Emily to Alois, as he entered the room; "save me from this villain, who would murder me in cold blood." Alois, looking from one to the other, saw into the matter at once; and beheld with a mixture of awe and indignation the distress of that lovely being who still knelt before the fierce and savage looking Peter. Then turning towards the man, he fixed his eyes upon him, and scowled till his black eyebrows met. Then slowly extricating a dagger from his belt, while he kept his eyes still bent upon him, he cried out in a hurried voice, "Vile caitiff, defend yourself!" and rushed upon him. At the first onset, Peter was somewhat disconcerted, as he did not expect to see so slight and delicate a figure showing so much courage, but instantly

perceiving that he had been deceived, he threw out all his energies for one fierce encounter. In the mean time Emily stood by, looking on with clasped hands, and a countenance setting forth her great alarm; occasionally uttering a faint scream too, when she perceived the blood spouting from the arms or chest of either one or the other. Alois had already made several false lunges, and had the sword of his antagonist pass twice between his arm and his body, but as yet remained unhurt. At last, however, his foot slipped in a little stream of blood which trickled down on the floor from a slight wound in Peter's arm, and in falling, the sword of his antagonist pierced his side up to the very hilt; but at the same time, his own sword, which he held firmly upwards, entered the side of Peter, who instantly fell heavily upon him, deluged with blood and quite insensible. The shock of his own fall, together with the weight of the body falling upon him also, deprived Alois of his senses too. * * * In a few hours after, when Alois came to himself, he

found himself lying on a comfortable bed in a large flagged room. The curtains had been drawn closely around the bed, so as to exclude the chilling air, but he put forth his hand and drew them gently aside, and looking forth he gazed more attentively at the strange place in which he was. The door of the apartment was formed of heavy oak, and was placed at one corner of the room; a deal table, stood close to the wall at the left hand side of the entrance, and above it, fastened to the wall, was a flaring oil lamp of large, but dirty dimensions. The bed on which he lay was placed close against the wall, and exactly opposite to the table, so that he could easily perceive two figures seated by it, and engaged in an earnest conversation. The one was Emily Canosa; and the other was an oldish and rather handsome man with thick, black moustachios, a Roman nose, and large whiskers, whom he judged to be her father. "Well, my love," exclaimed the old man, as he leaned his elbow on the table and gazed fondly into the countenance of the beautiful girl who sat directly opposite to him, and

who returned his gaze with, if possible, still greater fondness; "Well, my love, if, as you say, this young man has indeed saved your life, nothing that we can do can return the obligation which we now lie under to him; yet, I am sure that if he was generous enough to risk his life for yours, he will now be generous enough to accept of the little returns that we can make him--unless,"—and he paused, and took her hand, "unless he would accept of your hand as an ample recompense for all his troubles on your account; —and indeed, I think it would be, too—what say you, dearest Emily?" His daughter blushed, laughed saucily, and hung her head. They evidently thought that Signor Farnese was asleep, or else they would not have uttered their thoughts so freely; but no! he heard it all, and learned with joy that there were friends and lovers round his bed.

CHAPTER II.

Down in the depths of the earth he loves,
Down beneath the world's green surface;
Down beneath Italia's lovely groves,
He often lov'd her noble grace.

Immediately after the conversation held between father and daughter, as mentioned in the foregoing chapter, Alois feigned to be asleep, lest he should be suspected of having overheard a conversation which was evidently not intended for his ears. Then he heard the father rise hastily from his seat, and leave the room, whilst Emily herself approached his bed, drew aside the curtain, and gazed upon his apparently placid and slumbering features: then as she stooped lower, and leaned over him, he felt her warm breath upon his cheek, and a delicious breath it was too—sweeter far than the rose and the violet:

it was like the perfume of the lily of the valley, when drinking in the morning dew. Oh! it was a delightful breath—a breath which you could breathe for ever—a breath which as you drank would make you sigh with love. So Alois felt—so he thought, as the fond girl bent over him, and kissed his cheek—a soft, gentle, simmering kiss, which would not have awaked the lightest sleeper. Ah! sighed Alois imperceptibly, she is like the graceful fawn that bounds along the valley, licks up the dew on the fern, and gambols in the morning sun, which tinges her cheeks with his rosy hue, and leaves behind his radiance in her eyes. Her look is love—her eyes are pearls, swimming in bowls of crystal tears,—too bright to look on, were they not screened, with melting softness, by her long silken lashes, which ever exclude their but too lovely brilliancy. She is a being of another world, thought Alois, for earth cannot produce anything half so fair.

Emily now turned from the bed, and closing the curtain with her tiny hands

she sighed deeply, whilst she muttered half aloud, "'Tis well—he sleeps—oh! that he may yet do well." She sat down on one of the chairs beside the table, and again spoke aloud: "When first I saw him enter that room in Agnano street," said she, "I thought I never saw so beautiful a form. I loved from first sight, but oh! how was that love increased, when to save my life he risked his own. I could take the wings of the eagle, soar into the clouds above, and there flutter to all eternity, or until the lightning struck me, and sent me withered to the ground. Nay, I could do more for his sake, much more. I could drown in the ocean—I could plunge into its fathomless depths. I could die to gain his love." At the conclusion of these words, she raised her hands and eyes towards heaven; and the glistening tears rolled down her lovely cheeks. "But what if he should never recover," sobbed she convulsively; "what if he should die in that bed; what if I should then see him taken from it, laid in a dull, black coffin, and carried to the cold grave. Oh, horrible! horrible!" she

almost shrieked, as she placed both of her hands upon the table, backs downwards, laid her face upon them, and sobbed again, as if her heart would break. By degrees however she recovered again, and then left the room slowly and with lingering steps. Meanwhile Alois had sunk into a doze, in which he continued until awakened several hours after by a young, but fierce and savage-looking man, whose name was Agustine Parthenope. His age could not have been more than five-and-twenty, and yet he had an appearance of great ferocity, and a look of wariness, cunning and duplicity about him, which ever rendered him an object of suspicion, even amongst his associates. As soon as he entered the room, he at once approached the bed, and roughly drawing aside the curtains, he placed a small mahogany table near it, with refreshments laid thereon. Alois immediately awoke, and stared around him with some alarm and a great deal of wonder. Agustine seeing this, smiled viciously, and pointing towards the frugal meal upon the table, he added, "I should have

brought some wine, but the prince said that in your present state it might not be good for you." "Thank you. What is your name?" "Agustine," suggested he, gruffly. "Thank you, Agustine, I should not have tasted any if you had brought it." "Bah!" growled Agustine, shrugging his shoulders, and then he muttered something about "Sour grapes, said the fox, when he could n't get at them;" but as Alois did not hear him, he heeded him not. At length, however, when he had nearly finished his meal, he looked up from the little table, and, addressing his attendant with a look of some anxiety, he asked, "Well, Agustine, my dear fellow, what has become of the man with whom I fought a while ago?" Umph! how fond you are of me all at once, thought Agustine, but he merely said, with a very faint smile, "Aha! Peter Guesclin, you mean?" "Yes, to be sure, if that's his name." "It was his father's name, and so likely to be his," replied Agustine; then adding, with a malicious grin, as he took away the table with the dinner utensils, "but though his wound was far

worse than yours, he is likely to recover, and, as he says, to be the death of you, or to mete out to you a double portion of revenge." "And where is the poor fellow now?" asked Alois with tones of great kindness, for he never felt any enmity towards the man, farther than that he had tried to injure one whom he had already begun to love. "Poor fellow, eh! why he lies on a bed in the coining room back there," replied Agustine, jerking his thumb over his shoulder; then suddenly taking up the little table, he walked out of the room, muttering as he went, "Poor fellow, indeed! reserve your pity for yourself—for I tell you what it is, my fine chap, Peter (poor fellow, as you call him), will be apt to poor, pore and gore you, before a month is over—mark my words."

In an hour after Agustine had left the room, Emily entered it, and taking a chair, sat down by the bed side. At first she did not perceive that Alois was awake, but when she did, she blushed deeply. "Signor," said she at length, in her own low, soft musical voice, "I hope that everything around you

is as you wish, and that—and that," added she, hesitating, "you are happy." "Happy!" exclaimed Alois, raising himself with a desperate effort on one elbow, "but too happy," added he, shaking his head slowly, and smiling with a languishing air, "but too happy whilst with you." Emily blushed, smiled and bowed, but still said nothing, save in her looks, which spoke louder than words could utter. Alois was excited by the fascination of her manner, so he continued, "Signora Emily, believe me when I say, that I never knew what love was, till I saw you; I never understood what charms were till I saw yours; no, nor did I ever know what beauty was, till I knew you. Nay, do not blush, nor become so embarrassed, dear one —pardon the expression, for I knew not what I said—nor suffer yourself to be in the least put out, since here there is no one to be a witness of it. Let us rather be confidants in each other's affection, if I might flatter myself so far as to think that I am indeed beloved." "You are!" was whispered in his ear, as the gentle girl again leaned over

him, and fanned his cheek with her delicious, fragrant breath. Alois was entranced—enraptured—in Elysium; so delightful were his sensations, and the joy of knowing that he was indeed beloved. "And shall we never, never part?" asked Alois, when Emily again sat upright—"do not be afraid to speak, since there is none here but me to listen."—"Ha! none but you! think you?" cried Agustine Parthenope, stepping noiselessly, but with a malicious grin, into the centre of the room; "none but you?" "And how dare you thus intrude upon our privacy?" asked Alois fiercely, "how dare you, I say again, come into this room unbidden?" "Dare I, eh?" said Agustine, suffering his lip to curl into a haughty sneer; then adding, while he returned the fierce look of Alois with interest, "Know you not, signor, or if you have not known, know now, once for all, that all those who enter under this roof are liable, if detected, to be charged with the same crime (if you can call forging or coining money a crime). Hence, therefore, all here are equal—I with you, and you

with me." Alois started, and, looking towards Emily with an appealing look, gently muttered, "Can these things be?" The lovely girl bowed her head with a look of submission, mingled with sorrow, while she added, "However innocent both you and I really are, were we detected to-day, we should be found guilty to-morrow." "And are the laws of Pompeii so strict as this?" asked Alois, addressing Agustine. "Yes, signor," replied he, "they are like the laws of the Medes and Persians; they are strict, and alter not." "And do they condemn the innocent with the guilty?" "Yes, they do, of course," replied Agustine sarcastically, "for who's to prove that they are not guilty? The oath of a man already suspected or condemned will not be taken, nor will the oath of the innocent do alone." So saying, he instantly left the room, with another of his malicious and bitter smiles.

As soon as the door closed after him, Alois uttered a deep groan, and turning on his side, looked towards Emily, but to his sorrow perceived that she had again raised

her clasped hands, and eyes streaming with tears, towards heaven, in the same supplicating attitude, as she had assumed at the table a few hours before. "Oh, God!" cried the lovely girl, apparently forgetting that there was one beside her who watched her every action, "must it ever be thus? that the innocent, and those who are not acquainted with our ways, should unwillingly be dragged within these horrible walls." Again poor Emily clasped her soft, white hands convulsively above her head, and looked upwards, while the scalding tears rolled fast down her lovely cheeks. But meanwhile hours, days, weeks rolled swiftly by, and Alois was happy—happy with her whom he loved; delighted when she sat beside him, and held his feverish hand in hers. His sole pleasure then was, to trace with his eyes her finely pencilled brow, that beautiful profile, the rosy tinge upon the cheek, and those dark sparkling eyes,—ay, those eyes which sparkled whilst in tears. But, alas! in the midst of all their bliss there was one draw-back, for happiness is never

perfect at this side the grave. Agustine Parthenope ever found it convenient to sully their enjoyment by entering the apartment, while they were thus engaged. "Well, sir, what do you want now?" "To see how you are getting on," would be the invariably sneering reply of Agustine; for their at first mere dislike, had now settled into absolute hatred: with the one, because he was so often intruded upon; with the other, because Signora Emily had become attached to him, and had, of late, remained almost entirely in his apartment. "And what brought you here at this particular time?" "Mere accident!" Agustine would say, in a careless tone; and then, turning on his heel, he would vanish again.

* * * * *

The room in the house, where Aloïs first saw Emily, and where he had that nearly fatal struggle with Peter Guesclin, belonged, together with the whole house, to Giovanni di Placcida, the chief or captain of the coiners; a middle-aged man, of remarkably mild and gentle behaviour. He was not to

say handsome, but his countenance was very pleasing notwithstanding. His figure, too, was stout, tall, and straight; and his hair and whiskers were dark brown, and slightly tinged with grey. His dress was the same as that of all the rest of his gang: a purple velvet coat, fitting close to the body, and lined with light blue silk; thin trowsers of black cloth, trimmed down the seams with a small cord of gold; and on his head, a cap, in the belt of which was stuck a high black plume, which waved about in the breeze, and added much to the dignity of his demeanour. Giovanni di Placcida generally lived in his house in Agnano street, along with his wife and daughter, a very beautiful girl, with whom Emily often associated, and sometimes lived. Her name was Rosalia, and her age was scarce seventeen.

* * * * *

At the time when Alois first wandered through the city, it was early morn, and one of those occasions, when the governor had issued a decree, that all of its inhabitants, both man, woman, and child, should retire

without its bounds, and offer up their prayers and oblations for their spiritual welfare, and which generally ended with feasting and rejoicing. On this very day, Peter Guesclin, who had been for some time longing for the opportunity, went, under some pretence, to Di Placcida's house, where he knew Emily Canosa was living; and there, during the bustle of the morning, conducted her from her friends into this back room, which he knew was seldom if ever used, and where he then, partly by threats and partly by violence, hindered her from calling for aid, until all the people in the house and neighbourhood had gone off, as it appeared without missing her. But luckily—as the reader already knows—Alois arrived a short time after, and put an effectual stop to his evil designs. Then, as soon as the combat was over, Emily, interested in the stranger's welfare, immediately darted off, without either bonnet or cloak, to the coining house in Toledo street, the main via leading from the Piazza di Ponte to the Pantheon, where, having procured some of the men (for the coiners made sure never to

join any of the city ceremonies—in the first place because they had no taste for such things, and in the next place, because, if they were found there, the police might have too strong an affection for some of them)—she instantly returned again, and directed them to carry Alois and Peter to the coining room. Now, Agnano street ran north and south, so the cavalcade, as soon as they left the house, proceeded north, or to their right hand; then, at the top of that street, which was not very long, they turned sharp round to the left hand; that is, into the street leading directly west. Up this they proceeded also, until they reached the Piazza di Ponte; then opposite that, they turned south again, down Toledo street, to about the middle of it, where was a house,—a very old, dusty, dirty-looking house, on the right hand side of the way, with the front window-shutters closed. At the door of this they gave three distinct knocks, with a little one at the end, by way of a signal and admission knock; then they waited till the door was opened, which was soon done by a little dark frizzly-

haired Sicilian girl, who was kept for that purpose, and who, much to her dislike and detestation, was forced to sleep in the small dark room, close behind the opening of the entrance doorway. The men, carrying the two still insensible bodies, next proceeded through the long, gloomy, flagged passage, leading from the hall door to the rear of the building, where into the room, at the farthest end, on the right hand side, some of the men carried Alois, and laid him on the bed of which we have already spoken, while the others descended some stairs to the coining chamber with Peter Guesclin.

CHAPTER III.

Horror most awful is coming on now,
But ah! fatal thought! the Fates make him bow
To their strict and terrible will,
Let it be good, pleasant or ill.

After about the space of three weeks' time, Alois Farnese began to recover from his wound so rapidly, that he could even walk out alone, and enjoy such air as the crowded city of Pompeii could afford him, which, though really confined and unwholesome to a man in sound health, was nevertheless delightful to one like him who was just leaving his room of sickness. But still, though his wound was not so severe as that of his antagonist, Peter Guesclin had been stirring about a few days before him; for such is the spirit of revenge, that, when

under its influence, a man is ever urged on by it to unnatural exertions; to exertions which otherwise he could not encounter, were it only from mere bodily hardship and fatigue. But there are other things which, in such a case, would fail him: his mind, racked to the verge of madness, would fail within him; his spirit, though proud and lofty, would sink within him too, because unsustained — unsupported. How different then is the man, when revenge and deadly hate take possession of his bosom. He endures hardships and even sufferings which another man could not tolerate. He goes through with fatigues, both of mind and body; fatigues which wear away his body to a skeleton—and his mind, so that it is not capable of a single thought. He accomplishes his task—his guilty deed—and horrors innumerable crowd thick upon him; he starts at his own shadow—he hangs back affrighted at the sound of the rustling leaves—his conscience smites him with its terrors—and then sorrow and repentance present themselves, when too late, and when he has given the

last fatal stroke to the innocent object of his most horrible revenge. Alas! ye mothers, who nurture up your tender offspring, little do ye know, how often ye also nurture up within those delicate bosoms, the basest and vilest of passions—the passion of revenge. Little do ye think, that ye nurture up a viper, to sting your own bosom, and whet a poinard, that, when that child grows to man's estate, may enter your own souls, and bring your grey heads with sorrow to the grave.

From the very moment of his recovery, indeed all through his illness too, the sole thought of Peter Guesclin was—revenge: not to be directed towards Alois himself, but towards Emily, so that by wounding her, he could effect the destruction of *him*. Peter was an observer of human nature. He had observed that Alois cared little for his own life, in comparison to the lives of those whom he loved; consequently that if the emergency required it, he would risk his own life for theirs with cheerfulness. Hence he concluded, that if Alois should form an attachment, the best and surest means of injuring

him, would be first to injure the object of that attachment, and so his destruction would ultimately follow; because, as Alois was love itself, when deprived of that love, his soul would sink within him. Now Peter had heard from Agustine Parthenope, who had daily watched the proceedings of Alois, that he (Alois) loved Emily, and that she was continually by his bed side, administering to his wants, and cherishing him with her love and kindness. This information, conveyed in such a way, and in as sneering a manner as Agustine would convey it in, was enough to raise the very hell and latent fire within him. He cursed, he swore, and raved like a madman when he heard it. He gnashed his teeth, and rolled upon his bed with very anguish, at the bare thought; but when he recovered sufficiently to be able to walk about the room, his frantic manner changed at once; his violent feelings subsided, and settled into that steady, quiet calm, which is (like the glassy surface of the ocean) but the forerunner of a frightful storm. He walked about the room with his hands clasped

behind his back, and a smile on his features, which but ill-concealed the fire within. One evening, when he was quite recovered, and when Emily was about to go for change of air and scene to Giovanni di Placcida's house for a few days, Agustine made his appearance in the flagged room, where Alois always slept, and where Emily was as usual. "Signora Emily," said he with a smile, "our chief requested me to call to you, and say that he wished me to conduct you to his house this evening, as at this hour there are apt to be little knots of banditti patrolling the streets in disguise." "Very well," said Emily, looking up and smiling through her tears (for she had just bid Alois a tender farewell), "I shall be ready directly." Agustine then took a chair, and sat down for a few moments, while she finished packing a few of her things in a little brass-nailed trunk. Alois sat in one of the windows, apparently reading, but every now and then directing his eyes with passionate fondness towards Emily, as she, with trembling and agitated fingers, packed and unpacked the same things. "Ah! cruel

Alois!" she at length said, as she approached him for the last time, and took his hand affectionately between both her own, "you have indeed stolen away my very heart and soul." Agustine now arose impatiently, and, taking her little trunk upon his shoulder, left the room; so Emily, after one more adieu, instantly followed, little thinking that the dreaded Peter and Agustine were in league together—in league to injure a gentle and innocent being like her, who ever put but too much confidence in them.

Meanwhile Alois sat in the window as before, apparently reading, but in reality in deep and absorbing thought; trying, but in vain, to trace out in his imagination that delicate and beautiful form which was before him only a few minutes ago. While he was thus engaged, however, he was suddenly aroused by a piercing shriek, which sounded through the air; and, starting up, and rushing to the street door with headlong haste, he flung it open with a crash, and looking with straining eyes in the direction from whence the sound had issued, he perceived, to his

utter dismay and agony, that Peter Guesclin had just joined Agustine, and that they were both proceeding rapidly up the street, in the direction of the Piazza di Ponte, with Emily Canosa between them. He then waited to see no more, but putting his head in at the hall door, he called loudly for assistance. Six men instantly rushed out, who seeing the cause of his alarm, readily followed him in pursuit of the fugitives. On they went, swift as the wind itself, and without turning either to the right or to the left: keeping the one object in view, too, as if their very lives depended on their reaching it. But still the fugitives seemed to get fast before them; scarcely touching the ground from the rapidity of their motion. Every now and then Peter would look back, and shaking his fist, laugh so loudly, that Alois heard it, though far behind him; then he would beckon with his hand, as if in derision, while his lips would move too, as if he actually called them. Alois perceived also, that many of the passers-by went up to Peter and Agustine, with the intention of stopping them;

but Peter would then invariably say something, at which they would turn away again and laugh: he could have struck them in the agony of the moment. Alois then looked at the people who passed them in the street, or rather at those by whom he and his companions passed, and beheld a faint smile on their faces too. It is evident, thought he, that they are deceived with regard to us, and take us for banditti—the thought was maddening, and his blood boiled like fire; so he rushed on again with such fury and impetuosity that he soon outstripped his companions, and gained proportionably fast upon the fugitives. At length, however, he lost sight of them, for they turned down a low archway, or street across which the houses were built; but still he followed, until he reached this, down which he went also, and only just in time to catch a glimpse of Peter, Emily, and Agustine, as they entered a narrow doorway at the further end of it. Towards this he made, heedless of the many wretched, starving human beings that came in his way, or of the howling curs

which sometimes nearly ran between his legs, and overthrew him on the uneven pavement. The street was a perfect scene of horror, from which, at another time, he would have shrunk with feelings of affright and alarm; a scene, from which, on another occasion, his very soul would have recoiled—but now, now how different: the wretched objects which every moment presented themselves to his view failed to excite his compassion; the piercing screams of agony too came unheeded to his ears, for his eyes, ay, and his very senses were rivetted on that dark and narrow door far on at the end of the lane. His strides now became prodigious — he kicked aside the howling curs with fury—he stretched out both his hands, as if with an endeavour to silence those horrid screams, which now and then, in spite of all, would seem to split his very brain in sunder. Ha! now he starts aside with a look of agony, for there—down that dark and narrow stair, and through that dirty-looking doorway, is carried forth a half mutilated and half naked form. Alois starts so at the horrible sight, that his

blood runs cold in his veins: yet still he cannot help gazing upon it; and one of the bearers, seeing him thus, with a fiendish grin, draws back the veil that covers the head of the body, and with the action discloses to the already much bewildered gaze of Alòis, a countenance so mashed and cut, that the teeth are entirely laid bare; the nose is slit in two, and the eyes taken from their sockets. "Oh, horrible, horrible," cried he, covering his eyes with his hands, and staggering against the wall, "too horrible even to think of. And yet, can such things be within the walls of Pompeii? Can such deeds, such crimes as these be committed, and yet not be punished." He groaned aloud, and smote his burning brow with his clenched fist: but again the bearers of the body, or rather the demons, smiled unanimously, when they saw his agony and extreme torture; crying out as they did so, "we poisoned him first,—then carved him,—and then had our revenge;" so saying, they shouted till the long narrow street rung out, and echoed again. Alois could bear no more. He rushed

onward with headlong speed, as he put his fingers in his ears, and closed his eyelids against such horrible scenes. At last, however, he reached the door at the end of the lane, and then hastily entered it, without for a moment seeming to consider whether there might be any one to oppose his entrance or not. But as chance would have it, there was no one either to invite or to hinder him from going in; so in he rushed with a drawn dagger in his hand. He then pursued his course through a long, dark, earthly-smelling passage, to the head of a flight of stairs which descended sharp round to the left. Down these stairs he also descended, and at the bottom of them arrived at a flagged kitchen, out of which he could find no way of depárture, save by that one by which he had just descended. The place was so pitch dark, that he had to grope his way before him; and so heavy was the gloom, that it actually seemed to glue down his very eyelids. There was a small glimmering spark of fire in the grate, which he tried, but in vain, to fan into a flame; so he turned from

it with a feeling very near despair, and resumed his search once more. At length his hand rested on the handle of a door, which, on opening, he found to lead up a narrow stairs that turned slightly to the right, as in a spiral form. Up this stairs he instantly rushed, knitting his brows fiercely as ever, and grasping his dagger so tightly, and so resolutely, that his fingers even pained him. The stairs, he found, did not, as he at first imagined, ascend in a spiral form, but merely turning slightly to the right, a little above the door, it went straight up, as was easily seen by the light that issued through several iron-barred windows, which were placed at intervals up the stairs. The steps were of stone, and felt mildewy and damp to Alois, for he occasionally slipped, as he, in his haste, took two or three at a time. Sometimes he would stop for an instant to listen, if there was any sound by which he could be guided in his onward pursuit; but no, no sound as yet reached his longing ear. This is dismal, this is dreadful! thought he, as, after one of these stoppages, he again ascended the dark

stone stairs. At length, however, he came to a part, where there were no windows, and so, of course, no light; but he would have pressed forward still, had he not been suddenly arrested by the sound of a low feeble voice, which seemed to speak in tones of love and fondness, rather than those of supplication and entreaty. "Oh! Alois, Alois! dearest Alois! are we never to meet again?" said the same voice, in that slowly spoken, but still beautiful Italian tongue, which ever vibrates on the chords of the very soul. It was a voice which Alois instantly recognized to be that of his own affectionate Emily. The next moment his hand, trembling with excitement, was upon the lock of the door—but still he listened to hear more. "Oh! Alois! mine own sweet Alois! must I, can I, call you cruel one, for thus deserting me, when all around have fled," cried Emily again, for it was indeed herself, though now her voice was stifled with sobs. On hearing these words, Alois burst open the door, and rushed into the room; where, seated on a low stool in the centre of the apartment, and

with her hands laid backs downwards upon her knees, and her face resting upon them, sobbed Emily Canosa, the daughter of a nobleman and a prince;—but she was alone, so he felt relieved. "And you, too, dear Emily!" he cried, as he approached her, and stretched out his hand; "and you, too, have you believed that I was so base as even to think of deserting you?" "No, no;" said the fond girl, hastily looking up, and blushing, and smiling through her tears, "never did I believe you capable of deserting me; for though I said that you were cruel, and even ungrateful, I said it in my frenzy and despair; well knowing at the same time that you were ever but too kind, compassionate, generous, courageous, and noble-minded." "Ah! I knew," cried Alois joyously, even in spite of the horrible place in which they were, "I knew that you would believe this of me." At this, Emily cast a glance of passionate fondness towards her lover, as she said hastily, "But now let us go, while the time remains for us." Both of them then arose, and hastily left the apartment, with a sense

tion of inward joy which they could with difficulty suppress. Then down the stairs they went, with a speed so rapid, that they could hear the wind as it whistled by them; but still scarcely felt the cold stone steps, whilst they descended. As they hurried on, however, and increased their speed every instant, they suddenly heard the sound of voices, and the tramping of feet in pursuit of them. "Ah! too late, too late!" muttered Emily, with a shuddering sigh, as she fell fainting into Alois's arms. Her weight pressed heavily upon him, but still he bore her on with all his might. Now he takes three and four steps every bound, but still his pursuers gain fast upon him. And now, from his almost supernatural exertions, he grows giddy, sick, and faint; and now again, as he sinks on a step with his lovely burden, he hears an exulting voice whisper in his ear, "*We have you yet!*"

Then soon after, when he recovered his senses, he perceived that both Emily and himself had been hastily carried back to the room which they had just quitted, and that

Peter Guesclin, Agustine Parthenope, and another man, whom he had never seen, were standing around them. A thrill of despair ran through Alois, as he looked vacantly around him at the small apartment: the two narrow and strongly grated windows, the two heavy iron-bound doors — the one in the farthest right-hand corner, next to the windows, and the other in the opposite corner, at the head of the stairs—and lastly at the cold flagged floor. Peter Guesclin and his companions instantly caught his despairing look, and then together joined in a hearty laugh. Alois at first folded his arms across his breast, and assumed a look of greater despair; but their laugh of derision, and one hurried glance at the lovely Emily, instantly recalled him to a sense of his situation, and at once nerved him to his purpose; a purpose that would never alter but with death. He then suddenly grasped his dagger, and drawing it with the rapidity of lightning from the scabbard, he plunged it in the breast of Peter, who was standing next to him, and who instantly fell back with a groan. This

sudden attack was of course signal enough for the other two to begin; so without more ado they fell upon the unfortunate Alois, who however had expected all this before he had begun, and had in consequence prepared himself for the conflict. The rush was deadly on both sides: the one urged on to desperation by the desire of defending his own life, and that of his beloved companion; the other two, with an insatiable thirst for revenge. The blood from the wounds of Peter, who still lay insensible upon the floor, and that also which trickled down from the scars of those engaged, now ran in little rivulets along the ground; but in the midst of all the crashing, smashing, and desperate struggles made by each one to avoid the dagger's point, Alois continually cried out, "Fly, Emily! fly for your life!" But the fond girl waited till near the last; standing by with clasped hands, her body bent a little forward, and her whole features and eyes strained to a look of dreadful agony: but when she saw that her presence would avail nothing, she, with a presence of mind and a

true courage which never left her, sprung from the room, down the long stone stairs, like the nimble chamois down the craggy sides of the precipitous and lofty Himalayan mountains; then groped her way through the dark and dungeonish kitchen, then sprung up the little stairs, and through the passage into the street; nor did she for one instant slack her speed till she had reached the coining house in Toledo street, and from thence sent off six men to the rescue of her ever-adored Alois. Yes, indeed, they were the very same six men who had followed in pursuit of her a few hours before, but who, having lost sight of her and Alois, had just given up the chase, and returned.

Poor Emily, having thus fulfilled her task, now felt so overcome with fatigue and exhaustion, that she went to Alois's room, and flinging herself upon his bed, she slept awhile. In the meantime the encounter beween Alois and his antagonists continued fierce and deadly as ever. Peter lay on his back on the ground, but had recovered so rapidly in the short time since, that he was

now actually making repeated efforts to turn on his side: though, were we to judge by the frightful appearance of his countenance during those struggles, we should say that the dreadful pain occasioned by them would be likely to bring on his death. This conclusion to the scene, however, Peter would never have heeded, provided that he had his revenge. This then, was the occasion of his struggles—this the cause of his fruitless efforts, while the words, "Revenge! revenge!" came with a hissing sound through his clenched teeth and clammy lips. Ha! see, see! again and again he directs all his fast-failing energies into one powerful effort—but no!—his hand drops back in vain, while his mouth foams, and his eyes nearly protrude from their sockets, from the dreadful fire within. And now, look! his nervous hand reaches to within half a foot of Alois, while again the blood bursts out afresh from his own breast, and that merely from the desperate workings of his mind. But Alois minds none of these things: his energies much exhausted from his previous unnatural

exertions nearly fail him; but still he directs what little h· has against his enemies: never taking his eyes off them or ceasing to use blood-stained dagger, even for a single instant. But, ah! see now! his strength is almost gone—his up-lifted arm can strike no more—his eyes grow dim, yet he sees the dagger pointed at his breast, and is unable to strike it aside; but now, as he steps back to avoid the keen blade, he stumbles over Peter's outstretched foot, and falling, he lies by his side, utterly unable to hinder him from thrusting the dagger through his back, or from thus satiating his long-sought revenge. At the same moment that he falls though, the door near the window is burst open with a crash, and in rush the six coiners to avenge his misfortune, and to bear him away.

CHAPTER IV.

The sweet girl still watches by his side,
During the long and darksome night,
When the barks on the white wave ride:
Ay then! she never leaves his sight.

When Alois awoke from his insensibility, which was in about four hours after the events related in the last chapter, he found himself lying on his own bed in the coining house; and when he reached forth his hand, with a painful effort, and drew aside the curtain, he saw, with a mixture of uneasiness and pleasure, the ever-faithful—ever-affectionate Emily sitting by his side, and weeping too as if her heart would break. "Why weep you so, dear girl?" cried Alois, endeavouring to look into her face, and straining himself violently with the effort, "why weep you

so?" "Oh!" replied Emily, bursting into a renewed paroxysm of grief, "you know —you know that I never conceal anything from you: judge, therefore, the excess of my anguish and my grief, when I heard that you were no more; you—the confidant of my affections, my lover, my friend, and my brother; you, to be carried thus early to the dark cold grave:" so saying, she bent over him, and twisting her taper fingers in his long jet-black hair, she imprinted a burning, concentrated, simmering kiss upon his cheek; and all the time she did so, the warm tears fell gently upon his face, shewing at the same time both the intensity of her love, and the depth of her sorrow for his sufferings; but those tears were to him as the dew-drops on the bosom of the parched and thirsty rose, which ever drinks in with avidity the moisture that sustains life, its perfume, and its beauty. The lightning flashed without, and the heavy thunder roared, until it seemed to shake the very earth to its centre, and caused the house to rock above their heads; but these two happy beings heeded not, for their love was

all in all to them. The wind whistled loudly without, and the rain beat violently against the casements, as if it tried to drive them in; but these two fond lovers twined each other's arms together, and defied the angry storms. Thus passed the hours, the days, and the weeks, with little or no variety, but still they were happy in each other, happy in being beloved.

The wound of Alois, though at first exceedingly dangerous, in time began to amend. The dagger of the revengeful Peter had passed through his back, close to the shoulder blade, but yet had escaped the lungs, and so also materially injuring him. The bandages and restoratives that were applied to the wound soon therefore relieved him, and finally brought him once more to health and strength. But, meanwhile, the constitution of Emily became so much impaired and broken, from constant confinement, and attendance upon her lover, that her father insisted upon her at once going to live at Giovanni di Placcida's house, which was situated, as the reader may recollect, about the

middle of Agnano street, at the right-hand side, as you go up towards the Piazza di Ponte. So poor Emily, though the separation to both the lovers was exceedingly great, immediately packed up her small wardrobe, and then, followed by a single attendant, set out for her new abode. On her arrival at the house, she was surprised to see, not only her friend Rosalia, but also her younger brother, Theodoric, who had been absent on a hunting party in the mountains, for some months past. The meeting between the young friends was joyous; between the brother and sister it was affectionate.

Now, permit us to explain a little. Prince Canosa was the father, the widowed father, of two sons and one daughter. The eldest son, Rufus, had been, for some time back, a rich and extensive merchant in Venice, with plenty to get and little to do; but as he will have no part in our story, we shall here cut his acquaintance, and bid him adieu. The second son, Theodoric, was a very young man of about twenty-two years of age. His figure and person, though slight and delicate,

were remarkably handsome; and his features, too, seemed to have been formed in the same mould as those of his sister; though his, of course, were dark, manly, somewhat stern, and sun-burnt. His disposition was indeed truly generous, kind, affectionate and benevolent. His manner, too, was prepossessing and engaging, combined with a gentleness and delicacy of feeling which ever won esteem. An affection had long existed between him and Rosalia. They were indeed formed for each other: he was commanding, handsome, and manly; she was a delicate flower, yet gay, artless, innocent, and beautiful. Their unrestrained joy at meeting a mutual friend, shewed plainly the true feelings of their souls; and also shewed that an entire similarity of sentiment had long existed between all three—between the brother and the sister—between the sister and the friend. How then did their days, their time go by? Why it did not go; it fled—ay, fled on airy pinions—on wings of wind—on wings which knew no rest or stopping place; so rapid indeed that even the pensive Emily regretted

not the past; but looked forward with fond anticipation to those happy days when she should be united. The love of Rosalia and her affectionate Theodoric likewise progressed rapidly, and with the same delicacy and tenderness as that of Alois and Emily; both looking forward to the days of their union with longing and restless eagerness. And thus their thoughts preceded the lapse of time, which even they themselves scarce noticed. Ay, as quickly as the lightning flashes from the east to the west, or from the north to the south, so quickly did their thoughts outstrip the race of time—so quickly did their youthful minds flow onward, and try to penetrate the veil, the awful gloom of futurity. Yet they were happy: the one with the thoughts of her beloved; the other two in the enjoyment of each other's society. Meanwhile Alois recovered entirely from his wound, and began to be astir again. But though very pale and thin, his step was firm and elastic as ever. Much suffering had rapidly worn him down, yet his smile and sparkling eyes looked joyous as they used to

be. Still, notwithstanding all, a careful observer might detect beneath that smile a look of pensive sadness; and then a lingering softness in his eyes, which told a tale of love that never died. One morning, after breakfast, as he was seated in one of the windows, looking out at some old dirty sheds, his room door slowly opened, and admitted, without any previous intimation of his arrival, Prince Canosa, the father of Emily; who, having placed a chair near him in the window, sat down, and thus spoke, with a bow and a benignant smile, "Signor, though proud and delighted as I am, to see how quickly you have recovered once more to health and strength, permit me, for the present, to set aside all compliments, and to proceed at once to matters of business; a business which I can no longer conceal from you. Now, Signor, you have known me for some time, and may therefore have long ere this perceived, that I never speak of favours, unless I intend to perform them; nor yet do I utter compliments, unless I feel them. As, therefore, my mind is entirely taken up with what

I am now about to remark, I cannot, with the same exactness express sentiments that I do not feel; so let us, as I have just said, set aside all compliments and mere useless expressions, by proceeding at once to business. You may have already learned, that this house in which we now reside is called the coining house, and we—the coiners. Wherefore, as such, we are necessarily suspected in the eye of the law; and that law has, of course, its spies, who watch and dog our motions continually: happily, however, we have, by great care and caution, as yet evaded their greedy and watchful eyes. Well, all who are in this house, you can easily conceive, will, if discovered, be accused alike of the same crime, and will then be punished in a greater or less degree according to the proof brought out against them; but still none would escape condemnation, and consequently their share of punishment. Now, my reason for coming to you this morning is, that I might, in the first place, explain these all-important matters to you; and then, in the next place, that I might

invite you to become one of us, in our profitable, though dangerous amusement; for you yourself know very well, that every man may as well have the gains as the pains, in all kinds of pursuits and occupations, whether lawful or unlawful. But now," continued the prince, with a arch smile, "I would add, between ourselves, you know, one other inducement to bring you over to our side; and that," said he, laying his hands on Alois's knees, and looking kindly into his face, "and that is, that should you accede to our proposal, I would at once pledge you my honour to fulfil the request that you have once or twice made of me already, which was that you might become my son-in-law." Alois blushed slightly at these latter words—remained silent for a moment, as if considering how to act—and then, looking up again, he stretched out his hand, and grasped that of the prince with warmth, as he said briefly, "I 'll do it." The prince then returned the grateful pressure of his young friend's hand, and proceeded to say, with a slight appearance of embarrassment, "Since, then, you

have agreed to what I have proposed, I shall now be more candid with you, and inform you briefly of the real motive of my wish that you should join us. The coiners, reckoning our chief, you, and all, consist of thirty men; all good, serviceable men, so long as all goes right and smoothly—I say, so long as all goes right and smoothly, as you may easily imagine, that amongst so many there will be some who will ever be discontented, and ready to quarrel for trifles. Now this is precisely the case with some of them; who have long kept a jealous eye upon your movements, fearing lest you have come here merely as a spy into their ways and customs, and that you are ready to give information against them on the first opportunity that offers. Now, you know that the only way to put down the discontent of these men, is to endeavour to set aside the cause of their discontent and uneasiness. With this intent, therefore, our chief has commissioned me to come to you, and invite you to join us; as by this means you will at once prove to the disaffected party, that your motives for

coming under this roof were not those of baseness and treachery, but pure good will. Hence, signor, you see the necessity of at once joining our party, or of quitting this place altogether. The latter course of proceeding, I was sure you would not adopt as," added the prince, looking archly at his young friend, "I knew you would be loth to leave a fair friend, who has watched over you both in sickness and in health. The former course, then, only remained; and that being the case, and having at the same time a strong inducement to offer you, I willingly and without any hesitation undertook the message from our chief to you." "And a thousand thanks I give you, for both the invitation and your exceedingly kind offer," replied Alois, with sparkling eyes and a blushing cheek, "more I cannot add, as indeed I cannot find words to express the depth of my gratitude." "You need say no more," said the prince, in a slow and grave tone of voice, "as I have for some time past perceived that my daughter's happiness is bound up in you; wherefore, in uniting her

to you, I only seek to promote her happiness, though I may be the efficient means of increasing yours also. Without my daughter you would not be happy, and without you, she would not be happy; thus, as you are both equal, gratitude is not called in on either side. There, no more, I beg! so let us go at once to our friends in the coining room." Then arm-in-arm they left the room, and descended the narrow broken stairs, which turned sharp round to the left, at the end of the long hall, and directly opposite to Alois's apartment. The stair down which they descended was narrow, dirty, and dark. At sight of it, a painful sensation and thrill of inward horror ran through Alois, as it recalled to his mind the last scene which he had witnessed on those long, damp, mildewy stone stairs, when in search of his beloved Emily. The wind whistled up in their faces from the lower chambers, and sent a chill to their very hearts. But the prince was accustomed to it, and to the place; so they both descended quickly to the passage at the foot of the stairs—a passage it was used and

intended for, though it was as wide as either of the two rooms on each side of it. Now, the stairs came down, as it were, at the right-hand corner of the passage; and because the passage was four times as wide as the stairs, there was of course a space ben ath the hall over-head, and between the banisters and the left-hand wall. The ceiling of this place was high, stuck with rusty hooks, which might have been used for hanging hams on, and white-washed like the walls; but the floor was laid with smooth black flags, which gave a dismal and forlorn appearance to the whole place. There was nothing in the shape of furniture to be seen, except indeed, some old rusty saws and files, thrown carelessly into a corner at the further end, might be classed as such. In the middle of the right and left walls of the passage were strong oaken doors, leading into apartments much the same size as the passage, with an iron-barred window in the front of each; all having the same appearance—white-washed ceiling and walls, with a flagged floor. The prince, followed by Alois, walked directly from the foot

of the stairs to the door on the left hand; and, entering the apartment, went over to the fire-place, which was nearly opposite to the door; and then, taking up an iron crow-bar which was lying close at hand, he applied it to the marble flag of the hearth, and wrenching it up, he disclosed to Alois' astonished gaze, a flight of steep stone steps. Down these steps they descend, taking care to place the flag in such a manner, that when they let it go, it shuts down after them into its place again, with a crashing, echoing sound. But, reader, since neither you nor I were smart enough to have entered before the flag fell down, let us now drop the curtain, and think of other scenes.

CHAPTER V.

They are married, two in one;
Their time is come, the deed is done.
But sorrow follows faster still,
And ever has her cruel will.

Peter Guesclin and Agustine Parthenope, after the horrible deed that they had been guilty of towards the daughter of one of their acknowledged chiefs, could of course no longer expect mercy at his hands; so they took the wisest course, and declined going to the coining house again. But this manner of proceeding, as the coiners well knew, was a great blow to their institution; because now Peter and Agustine had them entirely in their power, as in a moment they could give information against them, and ruin their whole gang. So the coiners thought that

bribing them, was the only course that they could now pursue; well knowing that money can effect anything, but still not considering that these men would become more and more insatiable in their demands. Now, Peter and Agustine, looking to their immediate profit more than to their honesty, at once jumped at the offer of money; yet never forgetting even for a moment, that they could at any time inform of their colleagues, in the event of their not being plentifully supplied. At first, a little, a very little sufficed them, but soon these demands increased, becoming more and more until at last the coiners refused to satisfy them. Peter and Agustine knew well that an alternative remained, so they at first coaxed and prayed, then threatened, then abused, and finally went off in high dudgeon, swearing vengeance and everlasting animosity. Peter and Agustine thus showed, or at least made it appear, that they sought money as their only object. Their very actions and their lives seemed bent upon the one pursuit, the very main-spring, as it were, of their existence; and yet it was not really the

fact with both of them, for although it was certainly true with regard to Agustine, it was not so with Peter, as he sought money, merely that he might, by means of it, have the power of putting his passions into full operation: thus it was only the means of gaining an object with him, whereas with Agustine it was both the means and the object. That object with Peter was to mete out to his self-made enemies, Alois and Emily, a deadly portion of revenge: with Agustine it was an insatiable love of money—always getting, but never receiving enough. To get, with him, was indeed worse than all, as it only fed the fire that raged within. And he knew it well too, aye, as well as the wretch who has taken poison knows that the cool water which is offered to him only for a moment allays his burning thirst, his horrid agony. To get, with him, was a worse punishment than that of Tantalus, who was doomed for ever to be placed in the gloomy shades of Erebus—to have fruit hanging above his head, and yet not be able to reach it;—to see chrystal streams of water flowing before his greedy

eyes, and yet not be able to drink. Peter fed his mind with revenge, a passion that clotted his better feelings, and took entire possession of his very soul. His whole thought, day and night, was revenge. His whole mind was bent upon that one base passion, so that the very word seemed to be stamped upon his brow. His grisly, neglected red hair showed plainly that he cared for nothing but that one base purpose. His keenly knit eyebrows showed also the determination and eagerness with which he pursued that purpose, while his compressed, foaming, and often bloody mouth, seemed to express the intensity of his inward feelings, and to say, "Revenge or death!" Wherefore, you can at once perceive, my dear reader, that to undertake to judge between these two characters,—between these two men, would be an extremely difficult task. Now, Peter nurtured revenge, and thus satisfied a selfish passion. Well, Agustine also had a love of money, and thus he, too, satisfied his selfish passion. Which, then, was the best and most upright man of the two? "Why, Agustine,

of course," some would say, until they had looked a little further into the matter, and had perceived that from his love of money proceeded many evils: ever plotting and planning how to rob, cheat and swindle those who were richer than himself. From the encouragement of this passion, then, his mind also became depraved, and his looks, "the index of the mind," assumed that habitual appearance of wariness, cunning and duplicity, which we made mention of in the first part of our story. Oh! it was the look of villany, treachery and deceitfulness, which would ever cause the soul of sensibility and fine feeling to recoil with horror. A look of the maniac and the murderer were stamped in legible characters upon that otherwise lofty, commanding, and even handsome brow. But, alas! of what good is the "fair exterior, if the heart of the natural man is corrupt and rotten at the core?" What is beauty when unadorned: what is the body without the mind, or the outward manner without the true graces and charms of the soul? Nothing, nothing; for the mind will ever show

itself in the countenance, and express its hidden thoughts as plainly as the pen of the writer does upon paper. The countenance, then, being nothing more nor less than "the book of the soul;" a book which has its preface written upon the brow, its contents within the eyes, and its very sentiments delineated, aye, depicted on that either compressed or smiling lip. Thus, as the powers of the mind overbalance, and are stronger than the powers of the body, so the really plain countenance may be rendered pleasing by a virtuous and well regulated mind; while the truly handsome countenance may be rendered disgusting and hateful by the effects of an ill-tempered and wrongly constructed imagination.

But let us now direct our attention, for a short time, to the proceedings of Alois and Emily.

Prince Canosa had now determined that their marriage should take place on the Wednesday following the events related in the last chapter. In consequence of this determination, Alois almost resided at Giovanni

di Placcida's house, where, it may be remembered, Emily had for some time taken up her abode. The four companions, Alois, Emily, Theodoric and Rosalie, being now continually together, grew more and more fond of each other's society. The bare idea of Alois being absent for even one day, gave great pain to Emily. Her constant seat, every morning, was in her own bedroom window, which looked into Agnano street, and from which she could see whether Alois came to pay his accustomed morning visit or not.—But how great was her disappointment when those morning hours went by and still no Alois *(Alo-ese)* for Emily. How mournful would she look, then, when her straining orbs would be strained in vain, and when her lovely eyes would grow dim with tears of sorrow and regret. In this way the pensive Emily grew more pensive; but still every day appeared to look more beautiful than ever, while her blushing cheek and downcast eye told a tale that often trembled on her lips. And then, Oh! then, how her fond heart would flutter, when his knock was

heard at the door, or when his airy step was heard upon the stairs! "Ah! how true it is," exclaimed Theodoric, one morning that he witnessed these emotions; "how true it is, "that love is never silent or depressed, save "when the loved one is not by."

"Then sure it is," returned Emily, as she patted and kissed his cheek affectionately; "then sure it is, my brother, that your love "should now be silent, since Rosy is not "here."

"And so it is," said he, "for I spoke of "your love, and not of mine."

The love of Theodoric and Rosalia likewise proceeded with the same celerity and swiftness as that of Alois and Emily; so it was determined that they should be united on the same day as their young friends. Joy and preparations were therefore going on on all sides; and a continued stream of attendants was running all day long from and to the coining house, as it had been decided that our hero and heroine should occupy the room already allotted to Alois in the coining house.

At length the wished-for Wednesday morn arrived. Both the bridegrooms had repaired to Giovanni's house, and had already taken their seats in the large ball-room, each one next to his blushing bride, when in came the old white-headed monk, who had been sent for from the neighbouring convent, to officiate at the ceremony. He was a very venerable old man, with hair white and glossy as silver, and hanging in long silken ringlets down his back, like that of a girl. His face must once have been handsome, but now it had become blanched and wrinkled with age, though his figure, which was not above the middle height, still remained erect and firm as ever. His portly and noble bearing, too, stamped him as a man of no mean birth, whilst it also indicated his religious character and priestly office.

He now stepped into the room where the bridal party was seated, with a slow, solemn, and dignified movement. At sight of Giovanni and Prince Canosa, the muscles of his face for an instant relaxed into a smile, as stretching out a hand to each he gently whis-

pered, with an exceedingly impressive voice, "God in Heaven bless you both!" The Prince and Giovanni instantly returned the fervent pressure of the old man's hand, and then pointed towards their daughters. The monk turned slowly with the motion of their hands, and bowing low, imprinted a kiss on the blushing cheek of each of the youthful brides.

The ceremony was then soon performed; and after the priest had again kissed a cheek of each, the whole party sat down to breakfast, a meal which would well deserve the name, were it called so from the many delicacies and varieties with which it was compiled. Yet with all a mournful sadness took possession of the countenance of each of the guests, a very unaccountable sadness, too, at such a moment as this, when all should be joy and gladness.

There, at the foot of the large table, and next to her father, sat the blushing, but yet more than ever pensive Emily. At her right was her father,—at her left that long loved friend, her husband, who now turned fre-

quently to gaze on her lovely features with a mixture of both pride and, like the rest of the company, of sorrow too. At the head of the table sat Giovanni di Placcida, the chief of the coiners, at his right his daughter, and at his left Theodoric Canosa, the youthful husband. Emily arose from her chair, and whispering something into her father's ear, she left the room, and retired to her own apartment, which was up stairs, and overlooked Agnano street below. She had ascended one flight of stairs leading up from the ball-room which she had just left, and had turned to ascend the last, when a narrow door suddenly opened and revealed to her horrified gaze the now distorted countenance of the hateful Peter Guesclin. There was a turn here on the landing, so as to be able to ascend the last flight which went towards the front of the building. On the landing, in the back wall, was a curtained window, looking into the garden at the back of the house, and at the right hand side of this, and at the foot of the last flight, was this narrow door in the wainscoat where Peter had appeared:

thus, as Emily had ascended the stairs to the landing, and turned a little, this door was directly opposite to her.

The poor girl now stood with clasped hands and eyes transfixed with horror, but without uttering a single exclamation. Peter then stepped forward, with his eyes still fixed upon her, as if he feared to lose sight of her again; and directing a cocked horse-pistol towards her head, he muttered in a low, stern voice, "Even breathe a single word, "and the contents of this (shaking the pistol at her, and grinding his teeth with passion), "enter your brain!" Emily trembled, for she saw in his squinting eyes that he meant what he said:—"And yet," thought she, "death is preferable to dishonor, therefore I "will speak, I will call for assistance. Help! "help!" she shrieked—"murder! murder!" she cried, till the house echoed again.

The next instant, as the party rushed from the ball-room to her assistance, Peter made another step towards her, grasped the pistol firmly and fired; but perceiving that the ball had lodged harmlessly in the opposite wall,

he cursed, he swore, and then dashed the weapon with vehemence to the ground. The next moment, however, a thought struck him, and with a savage smile he approached his innocent victim, who had fainted on the floor; then passing his arm hastily around her waist, he lifted her from the ground and carried her through the narrow door, down a flight of steps which winded to the right a few yards below the entrance.

With the rapidity of their motion Emily immediately awoke from her fainting fit; and seeing where she was, she screamed loudly again. But Peter, with a look of fierce anger and a gesture of vengeance, soon silenced her, and on they went once more. The passage through which they went was dark and narrow; the wind whistled up it, too, and made it appear beyond description dismal and mournful. It was the stair leading down to the room where Giovanni kept the money already coined in the coining-house in Toledo street. Now Peter knew all the ins and outs of this place perfectly well, for he had often been entrusted to carry

money into this very place, and thus also knew that there was another door opposite to the main entrance of the room below, opening into a back garden, and by which he had both entered and could now depart, provided he was not overtaken before he reached it. He was now descending rapidly and getting close to the door of the room, which was close up to the foot of the stairs; but now he hears his pursuers following fast behind him, and now the oaths, the curses, and the clash of steel. Alois was foremost among the crowd; his eyes seemed starting from their sockets with the eagerness of pursuit, whilst his breathing was long and heavy. His heart beat quick, his mouth worked with passion, and his nostrils distended as if they smelt a mixture of love and a fiend in the breeze that whistled up the gully.

"Stop him! stop him!" cried Alois in a hoarse, husky voice, whilst he flourished a dagger in his hand. The noise and uproar now became frightful, increased a thousand fold by the echoes of that long and dreary passage. Peter's exertions and prodigious

strides increased, but still his pursuers gained fast upon him, shouting louder than ever—"Stop him! stop him!"

The darkness and the gloom seemed to grow every instant thicker and heavier, but still neither the pursuers nor the pursued abated aught of their furious speed, rather seeming to become proportionably desperate and determined as obstacles presented themselves in their way. Now the moment of suspense is dreadful. Peter trips over an old leather bag as he is about to enter the door at the foot of the stairs, and is thrown headlong on the flagged floor. Alois approaches to within two yards of him, but Peter, with a desperate struggle, succeeds in getting inside the door, and shutting it to with his foot. The pursuers outside knew but too well that the door had a spring-lock, and that Peter had therefore escaped them, so their shout of despair was dreadful; it was like the shout of so many devils in hell.

"I'll fire through the door," cried the prince, frantically producing a pistol and edging his way through the crowd, towards

the door. "For God's sake do not," cried Alois, laying one hand on the arm of the prince, with the intention of restraining him from his purpose, whilst he covered his eyes with the other, "for I should rather see her "dishonored, but yet alive, than a bleeding "and ghastly corpse."

But now, dear reader, as this chapter has grown long enough, and as Giovanni has gone in search of a crow-bar to force the door, let us retire alone to search the hidden mysteries of the coining room.

CHAPTER VI.

That heart that loved completely,
'Ere long shall beat no more;
That voice that said so sweetly,
"'Tis you I do adore,"
Will soon be hushed and still.

We have already pointed out the way how to descend to the coining room beneath the old house in Toledo street, so, without going into particulars we may suffer ourselves to recal each place, as well as we can, to our individual recollection. We, then, enter the street door, pass through the long hall, turn sharp round to the left, and descend the stairs to the passage, cross that and enter the door in the middle of the left wall of the passage; then, on walking across this apartment, we come to the hearth, take up the crow-bar, and wrenching up the flag, we descend into the cavity, drawing down the flag above our heads so as to avoid discovery. We now descend a stone stair until we reach a heavy

oaken door, at the bottom of the flight, on opening which we find ourselves in the coining room, having a low ceiling, but being still a good sized apartment with a flagged floor like the rooms overhead. There was a large sized furnace in the left wall of the chamber, around which about twenty men were employed. Some were melting lead; some were beating out old pewter basins, whilst others were engaged at a much neater and much more costly employment, that of refining silver over an intensely hot fire of bones and charcoal. All were silent at their several occupations; not a word was heard to break the solemn stillness of the air, nor yet for a moment to disturb their apparently monotonous employment. The steady stare of watchfulness and anxiety was depicted on every countenance, unbroken by a single gesture.

In this lower region there was, of course, no light, save the light which candles stuck in tin candlesticks and nailed against the wall emitted. The light in the room, then, was of a dingy yellow hue, and added much to the

already sombre cast of the coiners. In the middle of the room was a long deal table, screwed down to the floor and covered thickly with rich wines and fruits. At the right hand end of it, that is, at the end farthest from the furnace and the coiners, was seated in a large arm chair Theodoric Canosa, and leaning on his left shoulder his wife, the beautiful Rosalia, who now and then fondly twined her delicate taper fingers between his dark curls, or kissed his cheek with a never dying affection, whilst the graceful and nymph-like bend of her body showed forth her every charm.

"Cæsario," cried Theodoric, addressing an old grey-haired man who was refining silver, "we must be vigilant and watchful "from this time henceforth, more so even "than we ever have been."

"I know it, I know it," replied the refiner without looking up from his work, but still waving his left hand impatiently as if he did not like to be disturbed. Theodoric however did not seem to mind his impatient movement, for he again added, "You know, Cæsa-

"rio, that Agustine has already given infor-
"mation against us, or has, at least, threat-
"ened to do so, which is much about the same
"with him, and that you know yourself but
"too well."

"Yes, I do know it, signor," replied Cæsario, raising himself a little as if with apparent interest in what the other said. "Indeed,
"for my own part," continued he, "I never
"liked that Agustine Parthenope, from the
"very moment that he first joined us—a mean,
"rascally, selfish Tuscan as he is. His very
"look denotes the villain, and his manner
"the betrayer."

"Hush! hush! stay your words and pas-
"sionate gestures," cried Theodoric with a look of anger, "for they are useless here.—
"Say it to the villain's face and then I would
"think something of it."

"Aye, a thousand times if necessary," returned Cæsario passionately, and striking his fist hard enough against the end of the table to bark his knuckles—"Why, how often
"have we crossed swords together? But
"Agustine is a coward, and he knows it,"

added the old man with the air of one who had brought forth an argument which could not be contradicted. Theodoric then turned towards his wife with a look of sincere affection, and said in a low voice, "Rosalia, we now return home." They then arose to depart, bowed slightly to each of the coiners who happened to be looking up from their work, closed the room door after them, and departed, the lovely Rosalia still leaning on her husband's arm. Now and then her tearful eyes were up-turned towards her husband's with a look of indescribable sorrow, when she saw the uneasiness and disquietude which he suffered. And thus true affection shews itself, not only in the mere expression, but in the look, the manner, the every action, setting forth its sweetness with that cool unrestraint which heeds not the gaze of the observer, and burns like a lamp with a steady flame, which never flickers nor wavers from its point, but continually burns brightest at the centre, sending up its brilliant light to Heaven itself. Love came down from that Heaven to render himself agreeable amongst

men, but when he had heated his tender darts within their too confiding bosoms, he plucked them roughly out, and spreading out his wings flew quickly away. But, alas! the deep red blood that trickled from the wound showed but too plainly to wretched man, that the wound was one which never could be cured. So out of malice and revenge they made arrows of their own, steeped them in the blood of their wounds, and fired them in the direction (towards heaven) whither Cupid (for so was Love called) had winged his airy flight. But this they found to be an act of folly, for they soon perceived that their arrows were returned a thousand fold. "What then must we do?" men said; "to endure his wounds without returning them," was the conclusion to which they had come. But, alas! man also found out to his cost, that to endure was too dreadful and more than mortal could suffer, "so," said they lastly, out of spite, "we'll direct our arrows against one another."

This, then, was the history of love, and this the reason why Theodoric and Rosalia, as

well as all others, love with such enduring affection. Spite, malice and revenge were first the occasion of love, then pity, for the wounds that the human race had inflicted on each other, and lastly followed love, which is akin to pity. But now let us return to the portion of our story, which we dropped at the close of the last chapter.

Giovanni di Placcida in a very short time returned with a heavy iron crow-bar. When he arrived at the door, he first inserted it between the door post and the upper hinge, and then with the united efforts of the prince and Alois, he forced the door from its hinges and rushed into the room, followed by the whole party. The room was not very large, nor had it any windows, and so, of course, had no light, except that admitted through the now open door leading into the garden at the back of the house. There was no fire-place, the walls were bare and floor dirty, but there were perhaps a dozen iron boxes, intended to contain the forged money, ranged around the apartment, but which rather diminished than added to its general beauty.

The foremost of the party took a hasty survey of the place, but perceiving that neither Peter nor Emily was there, they passed on into the garden. The garden was large, and surrounded by a high wall, so their search was long and tedious, and indeed I may add, apparently hopeless, for after some time they had looked, as they thought, into every hole and cranny, but still could see nothing of Emily or Peter. At last, however, and just as they were about to give up the search, a terrified shriek, followed by a deep groan, issued from a citron grove, about a dozen yards from where they stood. A moment had not elapsed 'ere the whole party had rushed to the spot, and there on the cold, damp ground, beneath those sweetly smelling citron trees, knelt Emily Farnese, with her white satin dress besmeared with blood and dirt, her hands clasped together, and her eyes and features upturned toward heaven with a look of humility and supplication, like that of a saint, whilst she said aloud, and as if she did not heed or take any notice of the friends who had just approached: "Oh God, forgive

me, as thou hast promised to forgive those that are truly humble and penitent." So saying she bowed her head, and with a shuddering sigh, burst into tears, and they were tears of anguish, scalding and bitter tears, too, which stained the peachy bloom on her cheek and marked her brow with sorrow. Immediately before her on the ground lay the wretched Peter weltering in his own heart's blood—that heart which had first urged him on to the horrible passion of revenge. But he is cold and stiff now, so we shall in pity forbear to enumerate his crimes. And the short poniard, too, still sticks in his breast, because Emily was unable to draw it again: yes, the gentle Emily was the murderess. But, reader, do not start so; it was done in self-defence. Peter would have dishonored, disgraced her, but she struggled proudly with him, and drawing forth a poniard which she had concealed in her bosom, plunged it into his very heart. And what punishment, what act of retribution could be too great for such a crime? None; on the contrary, Emily had just committed a deed

which showed forth her truly courageous and noble disposition. She had risked her life in defence of her honor, thus proving that her mind was not depraved, and that she still ardently loved one who had often risked and would yet willingly sacrifice his life for her's. And now, oh! what joy did she feel when on looking up she beheld the loved one by her side, beaming forth looks of tenderness and joy. She then arose from her knees, and with the whole party, (excepting two who had been appointed to inter the body of Peter at the farthest end of the garden, beneath some shady trees,) again retraced her steps across the end of the garden, through the room containing the iron boxes ranged around it, up the dark and dismal stairs, through the narrow door, down the stair-case and into the ball-room, where they once more assembled with looks more indicative of joy and gladness than they had hitherto exhibited. The smile, too, once more played around their dimpled mouths, aye, and the merry laugh echoed throughout the room, so that you could hardly, were it

not for Emily's still horrified countenance, have imagined that place to have been so lately the scene of sorrow and despair. But Emily's usually smiling countenance, as I said, still retained a look of horror, bordering on agony, and seemed like a mirror to reflect the ghastly stare of death. Yet that look was not occasioned by her own actual sufferings, but in remembrance of that frightful look which Peter had assumed in his last dying agonies.

In the course of the day Alois' and Emily's luggage and concerns were, as it had been previously arranged, removed to the room in the coining-house, whither they themselves also soon repaired and took up their abode; accompanied, merely for the sake of companionship at parting, and for the purpose of seeing them safe on their way, by Theodoric and Rosalia, who, as I have already told the reader, had been on a visit to the coining-house during the temporary disappearance of Emily. The little party soon reached their destination, and after Theodoric and Rosalia had sat about an hour with their two friends,

they arose and took their leave, saying, as they shook the hand of each, "well, you know we'll see you often;" then left the room, and returned to their own home. Time now flew, rather than went rapidly by, for the time had at last come that each of the young friends had so eagerly wished for, "the time when they should be united;" the social fire-side, and the happy home, were comforts which both parties now enjoyed, though continually surrounded by dangers at a distance, which they were well aware of yet could not see; but such is domestic happiness, that when its joys take their place within the heart, it drives far far away even the thoughts of either pain or sorrow. But I talk idly, foolishly, for who but the father, knows the bliss of seeing his young ones prattling around him? or who but the mother, knows or can have any idea of the love with which she so tenderly fondles her young one on her knee? But the cup of sorrow was not yet full, nor had Alois or Emily yet drank to the dregs the draught of bitterness; though happiness still, as if loth to leave, hovered like a cloud around their

heads—yet soon, ah, how soon, to be dispelled by the stormy breeze of wretchedness and despair.

One morning, as the whole gang, including the twenty-eight coiners and the four young friends, Alois, Emily, Theodoric and Rosalia, were collected around the table in the coining room, the door of the apartment suddenly opened, and Agustine Parthenope presented himself, followed by a whole company of police-men. Agustine instantly perceiving the effect that his sudden appearance had upon the minds of the coiners, smiled exultingly, and said, "It appears that I now come "before you all unwelcomed, though you well "know how great and staunch a friend I have "ever been to you: this I consider ungrateful: "this I esteem as unfeeling conduct on your "parts; wherefore, as you do not respect my "feelings neither shall I respect yours." Thus saying, he reached out his hand and opened the door again, which he had hastily closed after he had entered, and once more revealing the vacant but placid countenances of the police, he said, whilst he pointed towards

them with his hand, "When you look on my "friends out there, you can easily guess the "motives of my coming here."

"We guessed those motives even before "you spoke, so there is no need of your fine "speeches," cried Cæsario, the refiner, passionately.

"Then if you did," said Agustine, sternly, "you now also know that resistance on your "part is utterly useless."

"Well then," said Cæsario, in a subdued tone, "suffer the ladies to depart unmolested."

"The ladies! the women!" almost shouted Agustine, as he again smiled savagely, "why" said he, pointing towards Emily, who sat in one corner of the room unmoved at all that passed, "perhaps she is the refiner, for all I know;" and he smiled again.

"Villain! have you the face to say such a "thing, when you know that she is the most "exalted, the most noble of women," cried Cæsario, no longer able to govern his passion.

"Villain!" repeated Agustine with a sweet smile, which ill-concealed the fierce passion within him, "will you say that word when a

"rope suspends you between heaven and "earth? Will you call me villain when the "bell rings, the drop falls, and you are strug- "gling in your last agonies, eh, Cæsario?— "my once friend and boon companion." These last words he said in a low solemn voice, but it was the voice of mockery and revenge; then turning towards the police, he waved his hand, and said in a stern voice, "Do your duty!" The policemen at the command instantly rushed into the apartment, and seized each their man, ay, and woman too; for poor Emily and Rosalia were led away captives also, but they remained calm and unmoved during the whole proceeding; "for" murmured they, "if our husbands are "taken away, it is better for us to die than to "live." And thus they showed the strength of their attachment, for they were faithful in their love, even when they were about to be led to the scaffold; faithful even in death. Their youthful minds too, were now tortured to agony, at the thoughts of parting forever from their husbands; yet the mere cursory observer could discern nothing in their calm

beautiful countenances, by which to judge that their minds were racked within; nor yet could they perceive anything in their outward actions, save that now and then they would turn up their eyes, dimmed with tears, towards heaven, and clasp their delicate hands convulsively between the heavy iron bands that bound them behind their backs. All in the coining-room, when seized, had their hands instantly hand-cuffed behind their backs, and were in this way led off two and two; ascending the stairs, and proceeding through each passage, until they reached the street, with a quick and rapid motion. In the street, they were placed five abreast, but as there were thirty-two, the two women were placed in the rear; then with a body of police-men in the front, the rear, and on each side, the cortege moved towards the prison, a dense crowd of spectators following at a distance. The countenances of the men as they moved on were stern, even to ferocity; those of the two women, calm and undisturbed as ever; whilst the police-men, especially Agustine, watched their movements with savage and

greedy eyes. Still, on they all moved with a firm and even dignified step, disdaining to notice the repeated cheers of the spectators that followed them, and who, from their eagerness and enthusiasm, frequently pushed their way between the police-men, and shouted and cheered again in the very ears of the unfortunate captives. They appeared indeed to be patient under their sufferings, until a more minute observer would look upon them, and see at a glance, that many of them gnashed their teeth with rage, and restrained themselves merely from the knowledge of having superior numbers to contend against. At length, however, between the gnashing of teeth and repressed anger on the one side, and the careful watchfulness on the other, the whole cortege reached the prison gate, an immense piece of workmanship of wrought iron, with four strong locks. This gate was in the middle of an exceeding high stone wall, which enclosed a sort of flagged court-yard, the entire way around the prison, but which was intended for no particular purpose except perhaps to awe the eye of the observer

by the appearance of the great size and magnitude of the whole fabric. After the foremost of the police-men had knocked at the gate, it was instantly opened, and then, when the procession had entered, it was forthwith slammed to again with a creaking, grating noise, which ever sounds harshly to the ear of the wretched being who finds himself for the first time a prisoner within the gloomy walls of a gaol. As soon as the prisoners had crossed the court-yard, they were given into the charge of several turnkeys; grim, long-bearded, dirty-looking fellows they were too, who motioned impatiently with their hands, and directed the prisoners to follow them. After a little delay, during which time they were again placing the prisoners two and two, the police-men fell back on either side, and suffered the prisoners to follow the turnkeys, which they did instantly—as they saw that it was no use to resist—up a long and wide passage, lined with strong doors on either side, to a door at the farthest end, into which they were thrust simultaneously, and without regard to age or sex.

CHAPTER VII.

That voice, that made those sounds
More sweet, is hushed;
And all its charms are fled.

As soon as Agustine had seen that all within the gaol were safe, he turned from the prisoners' dungeon with an inward chuckle of delight; which, were he not a complete hypocrite, he could ill repress, but since he was not only one, but a perfect one, he both kept down his inward satisfaction, and assumed a melancholy countenance, as he turned to one of the turnkeys and said, "it is indeed mournful to see, as we have done this day, so many fine men who will deceive and ruin their own souls for a little paltry gain." "But," continued he, changing his voice, and assuming, if possible, a deeper shade of sorrow, "when does their day of trial come?"

"The day after to-morrow," replied the

turnkey, carelessly, and whistling a lively tune as he spoke, "the day after to-morrow is to be the day, and no mistake."

"Ah! would that they would all repent ere then," cried Agustine, with a look of intense anxiety, as he turned up his eyes towards the arched dome of the passage. The turnkey stopped whistling for a second or two, and then stared with his saucer eyes at Agustine as he said, "Why, you must have an eye on one of those gals that we have clapped into the dungeon back there, or you wouldn't be so concerned about them; or perhaps you had some communication with her before now, eh!"

At this last remark of the turnkey, Agustine turned towards him, put his finger on one side of his nose, and grinned as if he hoped that the reason for his concern towards the prisoners would be taken in that light.

"Ah! I see!" said the turn-key, as if reading his very wish, "I see!" and then they both laughed, and separated.

Reader, we should not have mentioned this latter conversation between the turnkey and

Agustine, plain and even coarse as it may appear to you, were we not desirous of showing the utter depravity and guilt of Agustine's heart, who could thus pursue his enemy to an ignoble death, and the girl whom he once professed to love, to an attempt at her disgrace and ruin. But as you may have already perceived, the turnkey, degraded though he himself might be, at once saw through Agustine's wish, and knew that it was only a boast, however expressed in the mere thought and look; he laughed, therefore, as much at as with the evil-minded man.

But meanwhile, the prisoners in the dungeon endeavoured to pass away the time as agreeably as they could. The room was constructed entirely of stone, the ceiling, walls and floor, and appeared very gloomy: as it had only two windows, or rather holes, —for there was no glass, nor even a vestige of a sash in either of them—of three feet long, and about a foot and a half wide, with two three-inch iron bars from top to bottom, on the outside of each, so as to prevent any possibility of escape.

Some of the prisoners now amused themselves by looking out of these holes into the court-yard below, whilst others were seated on the ground playing cards, and others, by far the greater number, reclining in groups upon the hard stone floor; but behind, near the door, sat Emily and Rosalia, weeping as if their hearts would break, whilst now and then they would suddenly dry their tears and endeavor, but in vain, to subdue the struggles and inward sorrow of their husbands, who now suffered, not for their own misfortunes, but for those of their beloved wives, who hung over them so fondly and watched so anxiously by their side. The scene was a sorrowful one indeed: there the youthful brides with eyes streaming with tears—there the grey-haired man, inured to trials and misery of every kind, but not to sorrow such as this—and there the hardened culprit whom nothing could soften, no, not even the tears of the innocent and guiltless, nor the pitying looks of their older companions, nor a sense of their own guilt and consequent imprisonment. But such are the

dispositions of men: some mild and gentle, some coarse and hardened. Some men have room for pity for the sorrows of others, even in the midst of their own sufferings, whilst others are so hardened and reckless, that they do not feel a sense of pity even for their own wretchedness and abandonment. But such a scene as this is too painful to dwell upon; wherefore suffice it to say that meals for the whole party were brought in that evening and the next day at the regular gaol hours, namely, breakfast at eight, dinner at one, and supper (for it was no *tea*, as they didn't get any) at six. There were then heaps of straw for them to lie down upon, so they could retire to rest whenever they pleased; and a sorry rest it was too. The night was to them, if possible, worse than the day, for then the gloom and darkness around caused the place to look more wretched and dismal than ever. It appeared, then, in fact, to look more like the dungeon of despair and misery than that room wherein was hid the precious gem of hope.

At length the morning of their trial arrived,

and they themselves became proportionably more and more dejected as the :ntful hour drew nigh. Their breakfast was brought in as on the previous morning, but they could taste nothing, nor bear to look at the food that was offered to them, for their minds, from previous and present anxiety, were ill at ease, and hence their stomachs loathed their accustomed sustenance. At ten o'clock the bell rang, the key turned in the lock of their prison, and a whole range of policemen and turnkeys presented themselves, and the foremost turnkey, the one who had spoken to Agustine on the first evening, shouted in a commanding voice, "Come forth, prisoners, and stand your trial!" The prisoners were then placed in order two and two, and being well guarded on both sides, were forthwith conducted to the court room. They proceeded first towards the street, or rather court-yard entrance, then turned within a few feet of that into a narrow passage on the left hand side, at the end of which they passed through a side door into the court, and were thence conducted at once to the

dock, which was, of course, literally crammed, from the immense and unusual number of prisoners who occupied it, though the two ladies were, out of compassion, suffered to stand outside in front of the *dock*, and hence, immediately before the table of the witnesses. The prisoners, on being placed in the dock and locked in, glanced their eyes around to see what effect their sudden appearance might have upon the court; but a low, heavy cloud seemed to hang over the countenances of the immense throng of spectators, whilst every look was calm, gloomy and forbidding, as if they knew that the case of the prisoners was hopeless, and that their death-warrant was already sealed. The prisoners then glanced around again to see if they could detect a lurking smile, but no, not even a muscle was relaxed in the countenance of even the smallest child. They then turned and bent their eager and inquiring eyes upon the judge, but his countenance was like the others, forbidding and also severe, with a haughty and dignified manner about him, which seemed to say but too

plainly, "I have already decided this case, and intend to abide by that decision."

When silence once more reigned in the court, a stout, old, long bearded lawyer stood up and opened the case.

"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury," he began, "the *case* which I am now about to bring before your notice is a criminal *case*, being a *case* for coining, and consequently a *case* for cheating and swindling both his *excellenza* and all his beloved and disinterested adherents out of their rights and honestly gotten wealth. In fact, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, it is a *case* which, if not properly investigated and seen into, may prove in the end to be a very unpleasant *case* for each and all of us, as by first cheating us out of our rights and our property, we should at last from pure necessity be induced to commit an act which would criminate us in the eye of the law, and would thence occasion us to suffer the very death which these men (pointing to the dock) are now apparently deserving of—apparently did I say?—nay, are certain of. Besides that, this is a *case*

which would ultimately not only injure us, but the very men themselves, by engendering strife, anger and disagreement amongst their whole gang; wherefore as you may perceive, the very act of investigating this *case*, will prove to be a very peculiar *case* of kindness and good feeling, both to ourselves and the prisoners now before us. 'Charity begins at home,' they say; if it does, then let us in the first place take care that in our liberality, mercy and kindness towards many offenders, we do not cheat ourselves, as by so doing we should find out to our cost that we suffered charity to *begin* in the wrong place, that is, abroad instead of at home. If, then, these prisoners are deserving of punishment, let them be punished, and not extricate them to our own detriment, and to the detriment of others. Now this man (pointing to Agustine, who had assumed a smiling countenance, and who was seated by the green baize-covered table immediately in front of *him*, the now highly flushed and red-faced lawyer) can again prove, if necessary, that these prisoners are guilty and

worthy of death; that is, he can prove that they have at various and many times coined and passed off bad and unlawful money—a crime which is punished only with death. So now, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, it, that is, I should say, the *case* now rests with you—with you, gentlemen of the jury, to decide whether the prisoners are guilty or not guilty; and with you, my lord, to be lenient or severe, to acquit or to condemn." With these words he bowed, smiled, looked around and sat down.

The counsel for the prisoners then arose from his seat, and said in a few hurried words that he declined making any defence whatever, as the case so far had obviously appeared in too strong a light against him; yet, at the same time, he sincerely hoped that, if there was any mercy to be extended towards the prisoners, it would be dealt out to them without restraint, and in the same measure that they themselves, were they in the same situation, would wish it to be dealt out to them: so saying, he also bowed, and sat down.

The jury then retired; and, after the lapse of half an hour, brought in a verdict of *guilty*. A solemn silence reigned throughout the court, at the awful word—a stillness and awe like that of death. It was that silent, death-like calm which ever is the forerunner of a storm. That dreadful calm which stagnates the last drops of blood in the heart, and which seems to say the worst is coming. And yet it was also like that calm which precedes the hurricane, and makes the wretch believe that his life is safe. Next moment, though, a low moaning sound is heard coming over the bosom of the waters; and then the crash and shrieks of death, as the stormy breeze is hurled on in its blackest fury; and the wretched mariner, though spared, now feels his soul (previously elated with hope) dead within him. Ah! just so was that deceitful calm within the heaving breasts of the more than anxious prisoners, when they saw the judge draw on his black cap and gown, and heard him thus begin the sentence of their awful doom: "Prisoners at the bar—too soon to stand before the bar of eternity—

prepare to meet your end. You have heard the jury return a verdict of guilty; see that you are not found guilty in eternity. The sands of your lives are nearly run down; let your last moments be employed in meditation and repentance for your many past crimes. The seal of death is already on your lips; see then that you take a proper advantage of the warning which I give you, ere it be too late. Had 'honesty is the best policy' been your motto, you would not now have been here to receive the due rewards of dishonesty. It is for taking more than that which was your lawful due, that you are here; and for cheating and robbing others of their hard earned property." The judge then added, with a voice that seemed broken by his inward emotion, "the prisoners are to suffer death by hanging, at eight o'clock to-morrow morning—the men in fives, and the two women last of all, and by themselves; but all to hang until the surgeon pronounces them dead." So saying, the judge descended from the bench, the court adjourned, and the prisoners were led off two and two, as they had entered,

but were afterwards divided; five men put into each cell by themselves, whilst poor Emily and Rosalia, weeping bitterly, were immediately reconducted to the same chamber which they had occupied in the morning.

It was a long and melancholy *part* of a day to each and all of them. Emily and Rosalia spent it in tears; whilst the men passed away the time in a dogged and stupified silence. In fact, a more perfect picture of wretchedness and despair never before, perhaps, presented itself within those gloomy little cells. The sad and dreaded morning, however, at length arrived; when everything looked, if possible, more dull and cheerless than ever.

And now, listen—the key turns in each lock once more, and the prisoners are led forth in the same order, two and two; but with their hands bound behind their backs. All the men move on first, and then the women, with eyes red and sore from excessive weeping. The spectacle is a mournful and piteous one; even the looks of the immense crowds that are come to witness the last sad scene, beam with pity and compassion. The

prisoners are then led to the foot of the drop, at the bottom of the stairs leading up to the iron grating, and there placed in order. Emily and Rosalia, unable to stand, lean for support against the post of the drop; but whilst they do so, the bell rings—the venerable old priest suspends his task of administering consolation to the first five prisoners—the ropes are drawn, and poor Emily with a faint shriek, beholds her father struggling amongst the number. She falls to the ground overcome with horror; but soon again she recovers herself, as she has yet to see one more beloved than all, her long loved Alois (Alo-ese). Then he is led past her on the stairs—she shrieks, prays for mercy, and says that her cup of bitterness is more than full; but it is of no use, for the hangman grips his victim, and with firm hands draws the noose around his neck, slips the cap over his eyes, and awaits to hear the signal given; but in the mean time, Alois hears a long shrill, piercing shriek below him—and the next moment hears the crowd around him whisper that his wife is dead. This was

too much for mortal man to endure, so poor Alois—awoke, and found that he had merely slipped from the poplar log on which he had seated himself at sun-down the night before, crushed his slouching straw hat beneath him, kicked his nearly empty bottle of wine to some distance from him, and that all which he had witnessed was nothing but a dream. Yes, reader,

"'Twas all a dream, a thing of fancy,
Nothing more, I do assure you."

CHAPTER VIII.

The gloomy night is past,
And now the day comes fast,
Bringing joy, dispelling care,
For, says he, "my home is there."

And now, dear reader, for fear your mind, already cloyed with horrors, should in a hasty moment tempt you to throw our book aside, we now add our finale, our "farce to the play," by expressing our sentiments in a more lively strain: so here goes. When Alois awoke, the morning sun had risen high in the east; and had already begun to lick up the early dews with his yellow and genial rays. The sky, the pale blue sky, was without a single cloud; and not a breeze, not a breath rustled in the dark green foliage, or rippled a wave on the meandering stream. The larks, the linnets, and the nightingales chirped loudly in the heavens; whilst the little humming birds too, drank the morning dew, or sucked

the honey from the tender citron flowers. Oh! indeed it was a morning of paradise; a spell, a little time stolen from Elysium. And yet that kind of morn too. which Terra di Lavoro only knows.

Alois seated himself on the poplar log again, looked around him and rubbed his eyes, but still could not for some time convince himself that it was indeed all a dream. "It is very strange," thought he, "for it appears to me that I certainly did see Emily, and that I was actually married to her;—however, strange as it may be," said he again, "here I am, and what is more, likely to be so, too, if I do not at once bestir myself." So saying, he roused himself effectually, drank his last drop of wine, put the bottle into his budget again, threw the stick, with the budget on the end of it, over his shoulder, and pulling his straw hat once more over his eyes, he trudged quickly onwards.

Alois Farnese was the only son of a count of that name, who had for many years resided within a mile of the splendid city of Naples, in a large and beautifully situated white

cottage, on the sides of which there clustered huge branches of the woodbine and the vine. Now Alois Farnese, strange to say, was to be married on this identical day to Rosaline Cordez, the daughter of an exceedingly wealthy, but untitled, country gentleman, who lived in a romantic cottage about three miles to the south-east of the place where he had slept on the previous night; but being a very romantic young gentleman, and, moreover, a great admirer of nature, he preferred walking to the house of his intended bride, which he afterwards did, whilst his father and friends went round by the high road in carriages.

This morning was just the morning for Alois. Every thing in nature looked gay and beautiful, as it sparkled in the morning sun. On his left is seen the far-off, high, blue hills, the craggy rocks, the overhanging cliffs, and the tumbling cataracts of beautiful Campania. On his right, and far behind him, stretch the level fields, loaded with an abundant harvest, and surrounded with dark green vines and poplars, whose pointed, con-

ical tops seemed to direct his attention towards heaven, as the abiding place of that Omnipotent Being who had so lavishly spread out so many fruits for the use of man. In front of him, and only just discernible, is seen a continuance of those high Alpine hills which, as it were, give the romance and grandeur to Italia. The sun now rises higher in the heavens; the sky is tinged with a deeper, a more violet like hue, whilst the grass, the herbs and the foliage seem to be painted with a richer green than heretofore; and the little birds strain their throats to bursting with delight. On—on, Alois Farnese wends his solitary way, with light and airy steps, charmed—more than charmed—with the lovely prospect around him; and at the thoughts of the joyous welcome that he would receive at the end of his journey. At length, after walking for about an hour, or a little more, and when he had issued from a goodly sized copse of trees, he discerned his future home at a little distance before him; and in the extacy of the moment he cried out, as he pointed onward with his finger,

"There's my home, my lovely Italian home." His heart was ready to burst with delight at the sight of such a sweet spot; for although all the surrounding scenery was perfectly enchanting, yet his future home was like an oasis in the desert, a rose in a bed of violets, a beauteous fairy scene to which there was no equal. But we must describe it, hoping at the same time that in attempting to do so, we may not diminish aught from its real excellence and beauty.

It was surrounded by a fosse and a hedge, like a primitive fortress, as if the owner of the place, when building, had wished to shut out scenery that was not equal to his own, and also to screen the beauties of his own sweet home from the vulgar gaze. This hedge was thickly planted with every possible variety of flowers. There was the sweet-smelling woodbine, gracefully embracing its sides like a lovely nymph of the woods; then there were the columbine and the jessamine bowing their lowly heads, as if in gratitude, to the cool western breeze; then between these, and thickly planted together, there

was the rose in its every stage of growth, some hyacinths, and an innumerable number of violets, cowslips and lilies of the valley. On the top of the hedge, all round, and surmounting the whole, was a single row of the graceful lilac tree, whose innumerable pink, or rather I should say, lilac flowers hung down like clusters of the vine, or like the ringlets of the woodland maid, and added much to the fragrance of the air.

Alois now stepped up to the white-painted double iron gate, situated in the middle of the front hedge, and leading to which there was a wide rustic bridge, across the fosse. Alois opened one fold of the gate, stepped in, and once more proceeded with lightsome steps up the wide and gravelled avenue. Within was a fairy scene indeed, where every breeze was health and every breath produced tranquillity. Even the birds, perched on the branches of the trees in the lawn, lowered their notes, and sang them in a more subdued but still sweeter strain. Elysium itself could not have appeared more beautiful, more splendid—aye, though it were clothed

with fleecy clouds of gold and silver—though it were supported on pillars of sapphire shrouded with clear blue air. The front of this fairy scene was a small green lawn, studded with trees, and clothed with a short grass, soft as velvet. A winding, gravelled avenue was cut directly through it to a space in front of the house, which served to give the whole a picturesque and beautiful appearance. Immediately beyond the gravelled space, in front of the cottage, for cottage it was, there was a beautiful garden, very small, so as to suit the general appearance of the scene, but yet elegantly laid out, and evidently well kept. In the middle of this miniature garden there was a Grecian summer house, surrounded with orange and citron trees, whose delightful fragrance perfumed the air, and seemed to hallow the ground on which it was built. Within the summer house, and on the centre of the floor, was placed a highly polished black walnut table; on it was a handsome rosewood work-box, and an open book, out of which a young lady, who was seated at the table, sometimes read,

but more generally directed her thoughts and attentions towards a beautiful marble font in the garden outside, whose splashing waters, as they sparkled in the sunbeams, lent a silvery lustre to her dark brown eyes. She would sometimes glance her mild, soft orbs at the book before her, but not to read, for it was plain that her thoughts had long since turned into another channel, down which they seemed to be sailing unconsciously, and yet with the greatest pleasure; as her looks often sparkled, whilst her delicate taper fingers played with evident delight, as they rested gracefully on the walnut table before her. Let us recal to our minds one of the forms of the graces; let us picture to ourselves some perfect one, whose every gesture, action and manner is grace itself; and then we shall see defined before our mind's eye, a perfectly beautiful being, like Rosaline Cordez, who, though deep in thought, now catches a glimpse of one whom she loves, as he winds up the avenue; and who now in consequence starts up, throws her book aside, and bounds away with the lightness and nim-

bleness of a fawn, to meet and to embrace him.

And now Rosaline and Alois meet hard by the garden gate; the one with affection and unfeigned admiration, the other as usual with many smiles and rosy blushes. "And why, why were you not here yesterday?"—was the first query of the lovely girl, as she smiled and took his hand affectionately in her own: "Indeed I have half a mind not to speak to you at all," added she, tossing up her head with an air of affected scorn; but Alois, though he looked intently in her face, heeded not her question or her threat, for his mind dwelt upon his dream, and his thoughts upon "the bride of that dream"—Emily Canosa;—indeed, he thought so long and gazed so intently into Rosaline's face, that she at last patted him on the cheek, laughed heartily, and then skipped away. He stood a moment after she had departed, and then, rousing himself effectually, he followed her to the cottage, which was an exceedingly neat and elegant looking building, covered with lattice work and roses. Alois stepped at once into

the porch, and thence into the drawing-room, where all his friends,—not forgetting the little fat monk from the convent of Portici—eagerly awaited his arrival. "And why were you not here yesterday?" was again the first question put to him by almost every one in the room, "or last night at all events?"—so, to satisfy the minds of all present, he first recounted the reasons of his delay, and then told his dream, which we have already laid before the reader; and for the truth of which, (if he does not believe us) he may take the trouble to go to that small white cottage near Naples, and ask Alois himself, who is now a silvery haired old man, to tell it over again.

But, to proceed: all within and around that sweet cottage was now confusion and tumultuous joy: confusion in consequence of the many preparations for the wedding and dinner at noon; but tumultuous joy at the sight of the happiness of the young couple. There in front of the rest of the party, in the small but yet neatly arranged drawing-room, are seated Alois and Rosaline, side by side. Rosaline's hand is fast clasped in that of her

lover, who is now relating his dream, and the adventures of the past night. But whilst the company within doors are thus engaged, the company without doors, consisting of the attendants of each of the guests who had arrived that morning, have occupied themselves in washing and cleaning the several vehicles that were scattered about the yard in the rear of the building. Their conversation was in general lively, but sometimes broken by a whistle, a shout, or a hearty cheer perhaps by way of variety, and in order to take away any appearance of monotony from the scene. There was one very peculiar character amongst them, however, an English gentleman's servant, who had but lately come to Italy, and who, from ignorance of the language, was continually making blunders about every thing he saw, and indeed insulting many too, by his oddities, and very peculiar way of addressing himself. And though now in Italy, he still kept on his old and much worn English dress, which, if possible, rendered him yet more remarkable and eccentric. His coat was a much

faded velveteen shooting jacket, without a single button on it, except an old horn one, which stuck out like an eye behind, that is in the small of his back, if small it was, which we have much reason to doubt; doubt we say, because, as the coat was ill made, it hung out at least a foot from him, and so prevented us from ascertaining the fact to a positive certainty. He wore also, light coloured knee cords, long white and dirty stockings, with a pair of coarse, unpolished shoes, which, from constant wear, had assumed a bright red hue. He had on also a black hat, with a very high crown, edges much worn and cracked; and a little well in the top of it, occasioned, not by the wear and tear of the article, but from the application of the kind friend's fist with whom he conversed, and who, probably imagining that "black hat's" scull (a very expressive name, which he had been given before he was ten minutes in the yard), was rather thick, and hard of hearing, gave his hat, with the head in it, an occasional punch, just to arouse the mental faculties of his stupid brain. "I say, Don Miguel, or Don Jack-ass

more properly," shouted the aforesaid "black hat" to a dark Italian, not far from him, as he carried forward a couple of pails of water into the yard, but adding the latter appellation in a voice audible to no one but himself, "I say, my covey, what's the name of your gal in the house there? the young *Seneura* I mean." "Signora, you blockhead," cried the man whom he addressed, in an angry voice, and at the same time giving the unfortunate hat another punch, which drove it completely down to his shoulders. His ridiculous appearance, and the smothered voice of the unfortunate man, now excited the mirth of all the men in the yard, who at once came round him, to make some fun. They then pushed the hat further down upon him, until the leaf turned up all round, and thus gave him a greater oddity of appearance than ever. "Look at his mouth," shouted one with a broad grin upon his features: his mouth, from restrained passion and the crushing of the hat, had assumed a very peculiar curl, like the slit in the side of a fiddle. "Would'nt his mouth make a first-rate trap for catching

flies?" roared a second, with desperate excitement—"or an excellent potatoe trap," yelled a third, with frantic extacy. At last, however, "black hat," thinking that it was useless to be angry, changed his tune, and began to shout and sing with the best of them; thus by his fun exciting a source of mirth amongst the whole group, which lasted till the party within doors, when about to depart, summoned them all away. "Well, turnip-head," cried the man whom he had styled Don Miguel, in a laughing tone of voice, as he came forward, and stretched out his hand, "well, turnip-head, I see that you are a good fellow, after all, for you have acted the part of a wise and a sensible man. You can, I see, take a joke, as well as give one; you can learn to endure the laughter of a friend too, with patience and coolness: a power, a quality, a disposition, which, when seen in any man, well deserves to be both imitated and envied." With these words he shook his hand vehemently, and they separated.

The splendid and well served meals, dinner and tea, within doors, had passed

away agreeably and with all due regularity and decorum. The joyous laugh had echoed loudly through the hall—but now all is hushed and still: for the hour, the dreaded hour of parting has arrived, when all—the nearest and dearest, must bid adieu. Hark!—now the carriage rattles to the door—the steps are flung down with a bang, the horses rear and plunge with their eagerness to be away; but at the dreaded sound, the white lawn handkerchief of the sorrowful bride is pressed to her eyes, with a vain and fruitless attempt to dry up the scalding and bitter tears that will, in spite of all, flow fast down her now pale, but still beautiful cheeks. "Farewell! Farewell!" mutters Rosaline, again and again, as she grasps the hand of each of her friends in silence at the door. And now the sharp cracks of the coachmen's whips are heard, the horses once more rear and plunge nearly straight up, at the maddening sound, then start off at a canter. Now the rumbling of the wheels is heard but faintly in the distance: now all is still again—and they are gone.

Sorrow at parting, first occupied the minds of Alois and his gentle bride: but in a

little time after, as they both, hand in hand, entered their peaceful home, a thrill of joy, at sight of all its comforts, once again illuminated the inmost recesses of their souls, and for a time, at least, dispelled the gloom of "that last and sad farewell." * * *

Many and many, are the happy years that Alois and Rosaline have enjoyed beneath the humble roof of that neat white cottage; but their latter years have been damped with sorrow, a sorrow which will go with them to their graves. They have had many children, but they have lost them all, save one little girl, of about fourteen years of age. Care and vain regret have therefore long since caused the rose to fade from Rosaline's cheek, and the lily to flourish in its place. The sparkling eyes and the merry laugh are seen and heard no more; yet the same smile as it was wont to be, *sometimes* plays around her mouth, and then at such times shows to those who knew her in her youth, that, though her outward appearance is much altered, both from time and suffering, at heart she is still the same as she used to be—loving and beloved.

And now, kind reader, a word in your ear before we part. You have now perused our story, and therefore, doubtless, detected many faults—faults which we hope and trust you will in your leniency attribute to the proper cause—too much haste in the compilation of the work, and not to a want of a thorough investigation into the papers and manuscripts of the now aged and white-headed Alois Farnese, which, were such the case, would be entirely inexcusable on our part. But as it is through haste that there are faults in this work, a haste which was excited by a wish to gratify our old friend in bringing a sketch of his life before your notice, we sincerely hope that you will peruse these pages with a favourable eye, and with a zest that will enable us to bid you farewell,—not as those who will never meet again—but as those who part for a single day. And now, once more,

Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still for ever *fare thee well;*
E'en though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall *our* hearts rebel.

THE END.